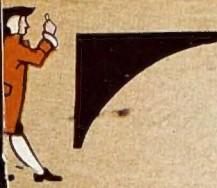


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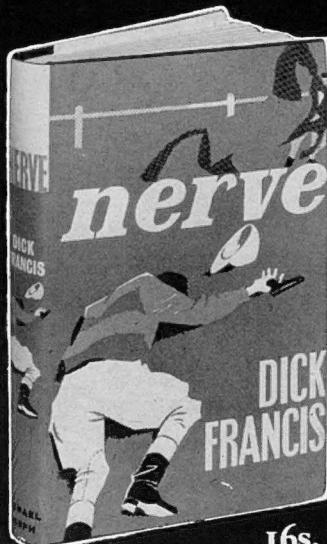
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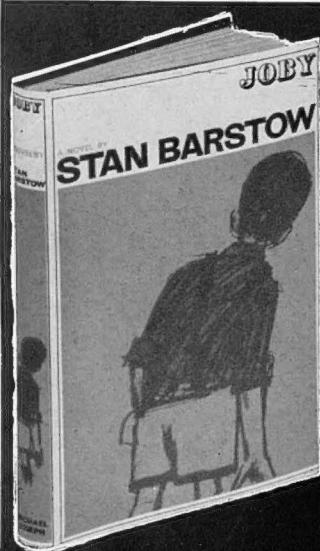
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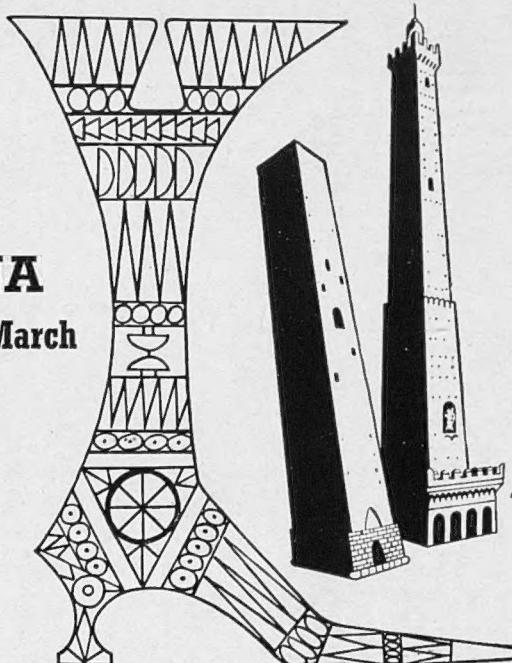
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EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER

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Somewhere the sun is shining though it's usually rather hard to find in Britain at this time of year. But one place where the natives take it for granted is Torquay, where Vernier took the cover picture with the inner harbour glimpsed beneath the screws of a motor yacht. Frederick Starke's suit in tangerine wool and mohair by Heather Mills complements the glow of a late afternoon sun. The suit costs 35 gns. at Debenham & Freebody; Hilda Hanson, Nottingham. There's more sunshine to gild an early picking of spring clothes in the fashion section this week. Turn to the special sunshine forecast by Unity Barnes on page 173.

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Winter Ball, the Dorchester, 5 February. (Details, Miss Nancy Scott, PRO 2511.)

The Mayor & Mayoress of Westminster's reception, Savoy, 10 February.

Canadian University Society of Great Britain dance at Quaglino's, 11 February. (Details, Mr. Dixon, WHI 8831.)

St. Valentine's Ball, Guildhall, Cambridge, 14 February, in aid of the U.N. Children's Fund. (Double tickets, £3 3s., from Mr. D. Harriss, Christ's College.)

Candlelight evening, Hurlingham Club, with steel band and bistro food, 15 February.

Wine and Food Society dinner, Quaglino's, 18 February. (Details, Mr. H. Johnson, PAD 9042.)

Hunt Balls: Hampshire Hunt, Guildhall, Winchester, 24 January. **Fernie**, 25 January; **N. Warwickshire**, Welcombe Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon; **S. Notts.**, R.A.F. Station, Newton, Notts., 31 January; **R.A. College Beagles**, Bingham Hall, Cirencester, 7 February.

Vine, Corn Exchange, Newbury, 14 February.

RACE MEETINGS

Steeplechasing: Plumpton, today; Kempton Park, 24, 25;

BRIGGS by Graham



Victoria & Albert Museum:

Hirsch Chamber Players, 26 January, 7.30 p.m. (WEL 8418.)

Lunchtime concert, Bishops-gate Institute. Tessa Robbins (violin) and Robin Wood (piano), 1.5-1.50 p.m., 28 January.

ART

Goya & His Times, R.A. Winter Exhibition, Burlington House, Piccadilly, to March.

Goya etchings & lithographs, British Museum, to 29 February.



American painter Mrs. Dorothea Blum will have her first London exhibition of paintings at the Arthur Jeffress Gallery from 28 January to 15 February. Mrs. Blum, who is active on a number of American charitable and philanthropic organisations, paints in an expressionist and visionary range.



Contemporary Scottish Painting, Commonwealth Institute, to 2 February.

Ruskin & his circle, Arts Council, to 15 February.

Painting Towards Environment, Bear Lane Gallery, Oxford, to 1 February.

Irish ancient monuments (photographs), the Building Centre, to 25 January.

Flower paintings, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 30 January.

Felix Labisse, Surrealist paintings, Foyle's Gallery, to 1 February.

EXHIBITIONS

Hotel & Catering Exhibition, Olympia, to 30 January.

Racing Car Show, Olympia, to 1 February.

The World of Dolls, 36 North Audley St., to 31 January.

FIRST NIGHT

National Theatre (Old Vic), Andorra, 28 January.

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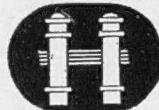
Six of his favourite recipes have been collected and will be sent to you, free of charge, if you just write to the address below.

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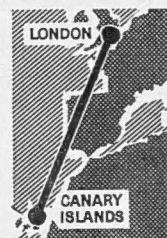
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GOING PLACES

NOTE FOR COMPLEAT DINERS

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays
 WB. . . . Wise to book a table
Golden Carp, 8a Mount Street, at Berkeley Square end. (GRO 3385). Open luncheon and dinner to 11.45 p.m. New, and as its name implies a sea-food restaurant. Seating about 40 plus it is elegant and intimate, with comfortable banquettes. I had a fish *pâté*, which was both good and unusual, followed by tasty stewed eels in a cream & mushroom sauce. The *petit pois* were excellent. This was enough for me, so I finished with an above-average coffee. My bill, without drink, was just under £1. I was glad to see that the menu included a fish hors d'oeuvres, carp, mullet and skate, among other dishes. The wine list is of sound quality and sensibly chosen to marry with fish. Service was just as it should be. This restaurant is associated with the Marquis, across the way.

Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, 145, Fleet Street. Open midday to 9 p.m. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. (FLE 9129). In a court just out of Fleet Street, one of London's oldest restaurants makes no compromise with what is often miscalled progress. The floors and the stairs are plain wood worn by the feet of years. The crowded bars do their job without the aid of fairy lights and plastic what-nots, and you sit pretty close at the tables. It is the food that matters, plain, British, ample in quantity, good in quality and reasonable in price. It is a "must" with many tourists, but others who spend their working lives in the street or in the Law Courts eat there most days in the week. It is full of atmosphere; impossible to imitate and a crime to modernise. W.B.

On the short list

There are certain restaurants that I associate with leisurely and enjoyable eating and drinking, allied to congenial conversation with old friends. They include the *Maison Basque* in London, the *Brasserie Lipp* in Paris, the *New Minerva* in Leyden and the *Russell* in Dublin. With them I link the **Sheridan** in Brighton, for it has the com-

fort and quiet that, when married to good food and fine wine, stimulates conversation. Fish is the main feature of the menu, including that landed at dawn on the beach a few yards away. Meat from the grill is well cooked and served. It is only a few yards walk from the most pleasant upstairs room at **Henekey's**, where a generous double whisky is still only 4s. and the copper kettle for a toddy stands close to a blazing fire.

Wine note

I am asked from time to time what Russian wines are available in this country. The Russian Shop in High Holborn keep the red medium dry Mukuzani No. 4 from Georgia,

the full-bodied red Saperavi from the same region, and from Moldavia the unusual red, and also medium dry Negru de Purkar. There are two still white wines, both medium dry, the Tsinandali No. 1, made from the Rkatziteli grapes, and the golden-coloured Anapa Riesling from the North Caucasus. They are all the same price, 7s. 9d. per bottle and 4s. half. There is also a white sparkling wine from the Crimea at 19s. 9d.

Though some experts may contradict me, I have found that Russian wines go best with their native foods: again as a personal opinion, the reds are better than the whites, and the Mukuzani most likely to suit our taste.

TO EAT

. . . and a reminder

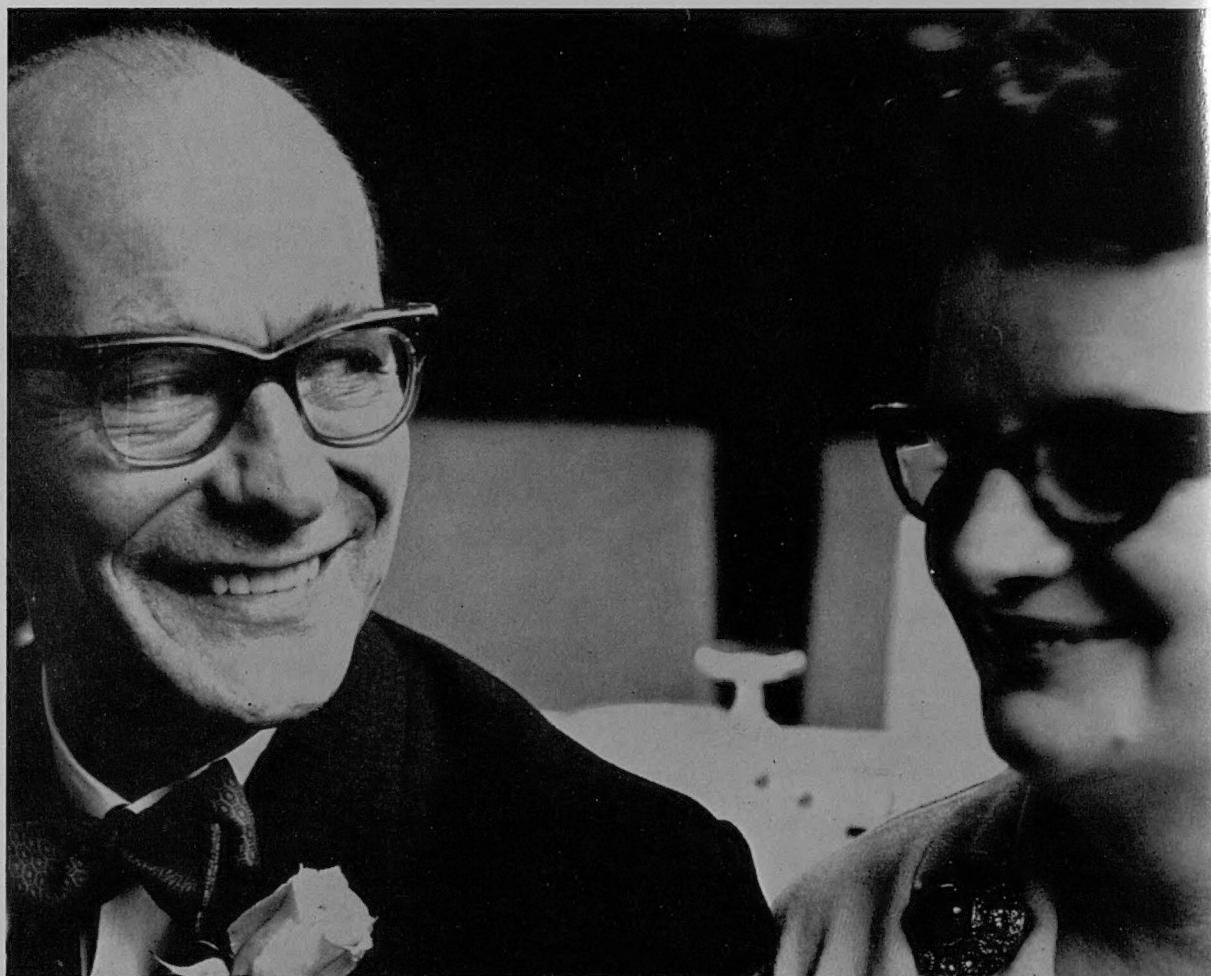
Beotys, 79, St. Martins Lane. (TEM 8768). Greek, French and Italian cooking and not expensive for good quality.

La Bohème 65, King's Road, Chelsea. (SLO 3553). Intimate, elegant, with specialized international cooking.

Savoy Hotel restaurant (TEM 4343). Book very well ahead for dinner because its top quality ensures top popularity.

Manzi's, 1, Leicester Street, Leicester Square. (GER 4864). Going as strong as it was in 1928 when it opened; its fish is outstanding good value.

Trader Vic's, London Hilton, Park Lane. (HYD 8000). A good place to remember at lunchtime as well as at night.



Mr. & Mrs. V. J. Southwick are the hosts at the Gilbert & Sullivan restaurant. The lapsing of the copyright on the Savoy operas enabled the St. Martin's Tavern to be renamed, and its walls are now decorated with prints, programmes and models of Gilbert & Sullivan productions. Mrs. Southwick runs the restaurant on very English lines—she and her husband were in charge of the English Pub at the Brussels Fair. The Gilbert & Sullivan is in John Adam Street (Richard D'Oyly Carte had a house in the old Adelphi Terrace), five minutes from the Savoy where the D'Oyly Carte company is in residence until March

DOONE BEAL

GOING PLACES

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS

What does one ask of a companion in travel? Rather, I suggest, as in marriage, someone with whom one's own faults are compatible. Touring Italy, Spain or Greece can head the closest of friendships for the rocks. With rising dismay one discovers that companions, exhaustive and exhausting in their cultural pursuits, are unwilling to leave a single cathedral stone or Roman remain, however unimportant, unexplored. Or maybe they belong to the other camp, whose idea of touring Europe is a slow progression from one café, bar or restaurant to the next; in which case, one emerges, suddenly and rather surprisingly, as the ascetic. The dividing line between a thorough tour of the Alhambra or ancient Corinth, between the Louvre or the Accademia and a good lunch is generally the biggest single cause of friction.

Much depends on how hungry one is at the time. Personally, I am one of those compromising middlebrows who want it both ways. Which is why I treasure, for their different reasons, two recently published books: James Morris's *Cities* (Faber, 42s.) and Ian Fleming's *Thrilling Cities* (Cape, 30s.). Both writers are wonderfully unpedantic impressionists, though of a vastly different kind: Morris the romantic, Fleming the realist.

It has amused me to speculate how either would work out as a travelling companion. While I would sooner wander with Mr. Morris through the streets of Venice, I'd be far more certain of getting to the right restaurant with Mr. Fleming: though that, alas, would not be in Venice at all. Rather shirking the issue, he dismisses that lovely but overwritten city as a cliché, and opts instead for the "Georges Simenon quality" of Geneva. He describes this as one "that makes the thriller writer want to take a tin-opener and find out what goes on behind the façade, behind the great families who keep the banner of Calvin flying behind the lace curtains in the Rue des Granges." Yes, Mr. Fleming could make Geneva interesting.

The emphasis is on Thrills rather than Romance, and so in Vienna for example—a city of which he is not fond—he might be less good company. He admits elsewhere to preferring his art galleries on roller skates (as do many people who are not honest enough to say so), but in Grinzing even he falls, if defensively, under the spell:

"With the accordion or violin sobbing and the local Tauber tearing at your heart strings . . . with a Paprikaschnitzel inside you and your twentieth Viertel waiting to be drunk, the dream sequences continue to unroll with a smoothness and a temporary truth that remain proof against cynicism and worldliness."

The chapters on Naples (tea with Lucky Luciano), Hong Kong, Berlin, Las Vegas and, predictably, Chicago, are well laced with James Bondmanship, with underground and underworld gossip and, throughout, there is a good deal of entertaining, off-beat information. I find Mr. Fleming a refreshingly impatient traveller. He is not a man to waste either his own time or yours, and his comments are well salted with prejudice. Under the heading of Incidental Intelligence, at the end of each



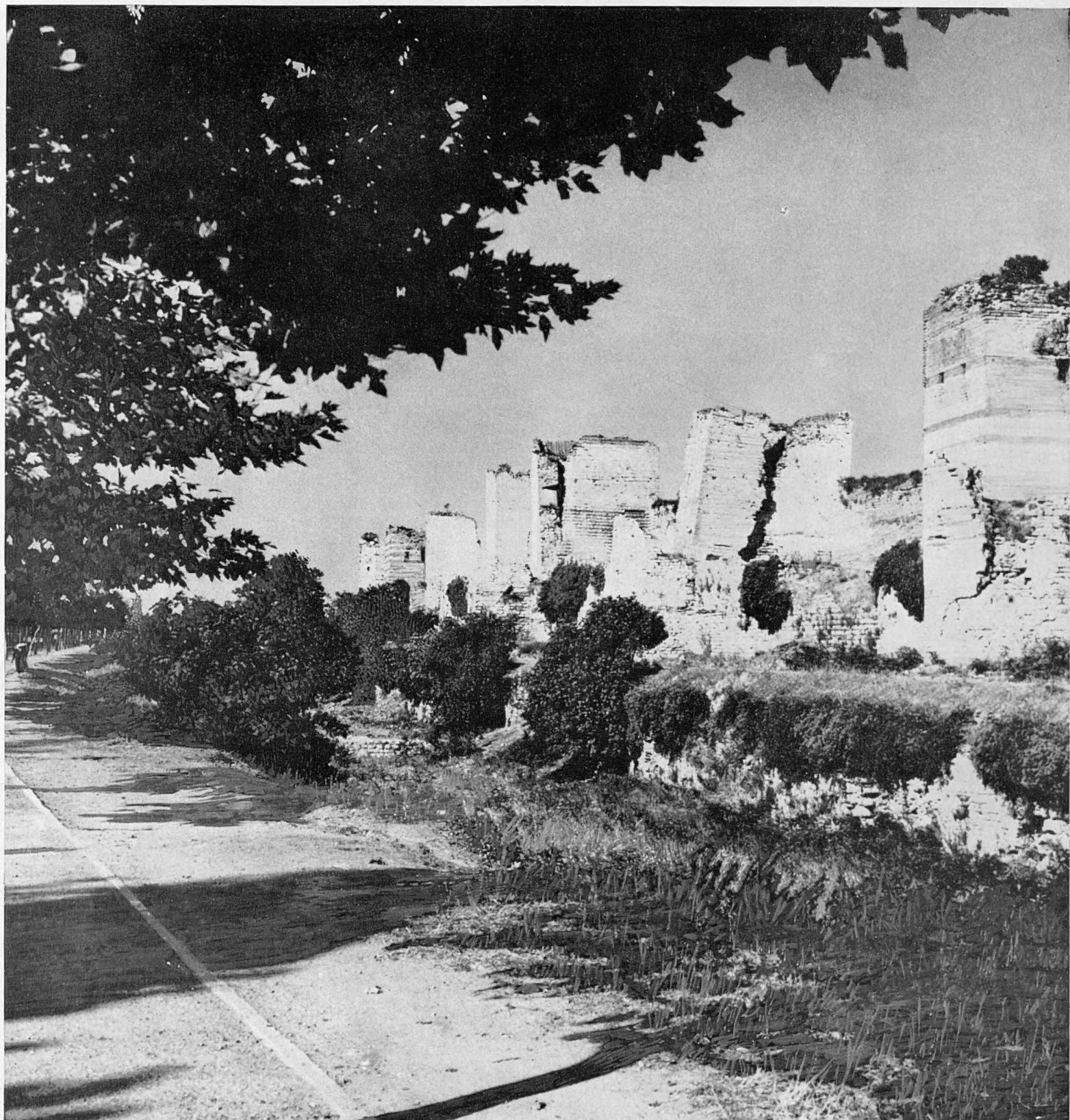
ABROAD

unist official. He discusses, rather than informs. You'd be no wiser as to what to see in Cairo or Stockholm after reading him, yet he does evoke the mood. I find him at his best on South America, possibly because the great cities of that continent—Lima, Bogota, Santiago, Buenos Aires—have been less written about and so are not so inhibiting to the writer who fears that it has all been said before, and better. Romantic to the last, his comment on Rio is typical:

"I loved her from the start, and I think that her carping critics, sniffing at her overdrafts and deplored her excesses, cannot see the oaks for the nettles. Perhaps, like Brazil itself, she lacks some niggling virtues of commonsense, but she glories in that grandest of historical qualities, style . . ." As any city-fancier knows, the true pulse is not to be felt in the monuments, the museums and the galleries. And since all writers prefer to find something, however trivial, which they can call their own, neither of these two books encroaches on the territory already so admirably covered in the *Guide Bleu* or Michelin's *Guide Vert* series. But what bedside, aeroplane or foreign-hotel reading they make!



VENICE: the Piazza of St. Mark with the island of San Giorgio Maggiore. This is one of the world's fascinating cities mentioned by both James Morris and Ian Fleming in their books discussed by another travel expert on this page



Istanbul's 3rd century Byzantine Walls. Nearby, a comfortable room with bath (and view) costs less than £1. Prices in Turkey are uniformly low.

Time began here ...

This was the first face of the world. St. Paul, Mary Magdalen were latecomers here. Roman, Byzantine, Ottoman Empires rose and fell on this soil—and left their marks for all to see. Leander, so the legend goes, died for Hero in the Dardanelles where the Sea of Marmara joins the Aegean. Turkey, they say, is irresistible to the romantic. The sun that seldom ceases, the shape of mosques against a Bosphorus sunset, the smell of lemon and orange groves, the taste of sharp, green olives.

Turkey is a treasure house to be wondered at; heady bazaars selling silver and carpets and worked meerschaum; the exotic foods (Tavuk Gögsü and sweet sütlac and

pungent quince). A land seldom seen by the Westerner. Curious because Turkey is less than 7 hours by air from London (or 4 days by express train for those who want to see Europe).

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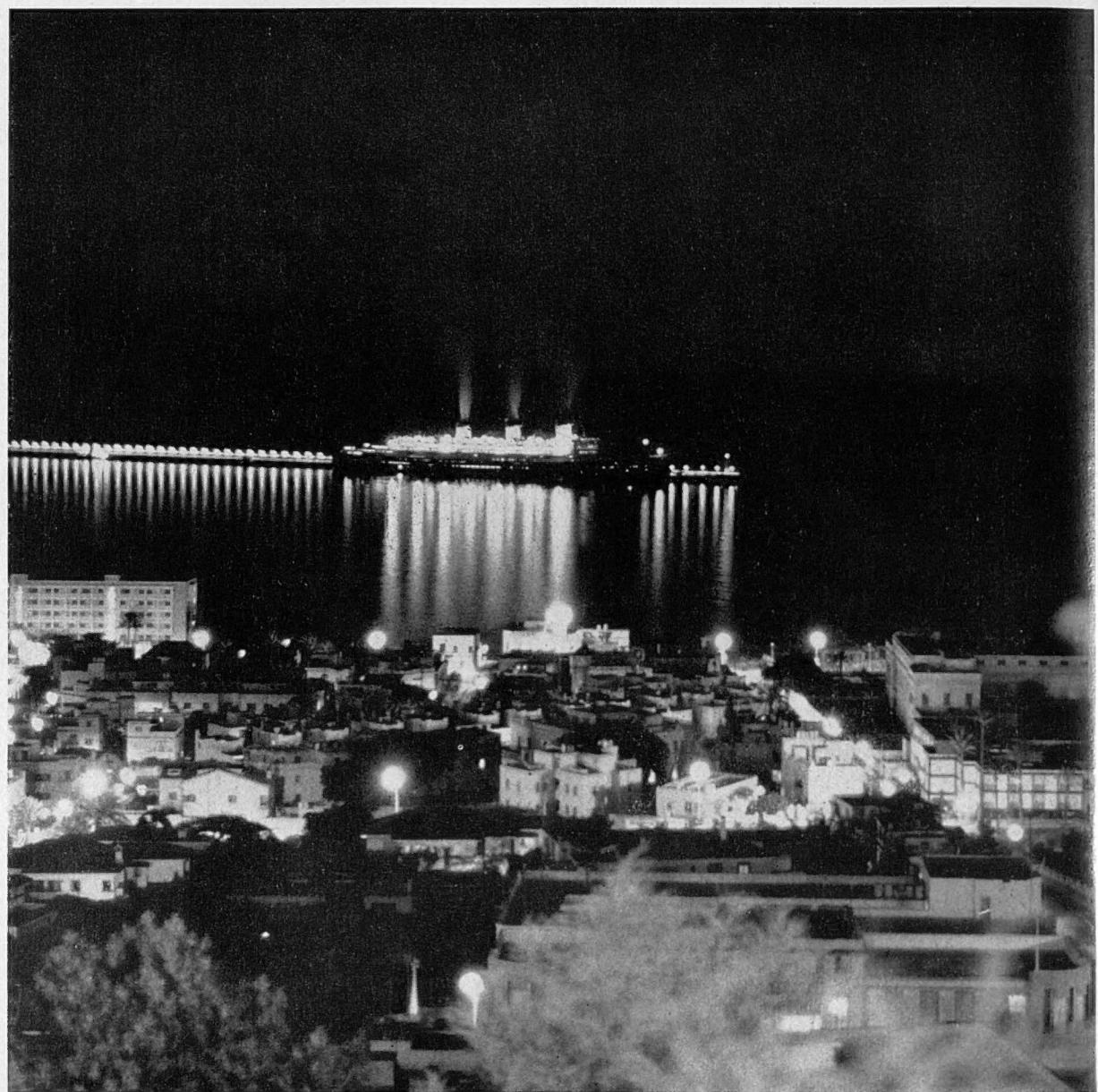
Where the sun shines



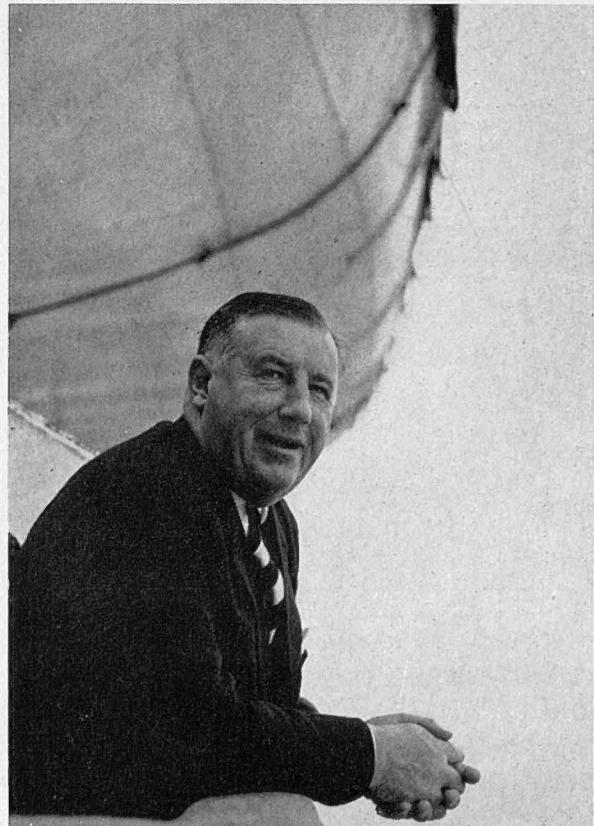
There are few occupations more pleasant, and in the event more rewarding, than to watch deep water cream past a liner's side while the sun blazes down—especially in the month of January. Getting away from it all were the Lord Justice Pearson, a Lord Justice of Appeal, and Lady Pearson, two of the passengers who left Southampton in the Cunard *Queen Mary* on her first New Year cruise to the Canary Islands. Turn overleaf for more pictures by Barry Swaebe. Muriel Bowen writes about the cruise on page 158

Where the sun shines continued

- 1 The Queen Mary at night alongside the Dique del Generalissimo Franco at Puerto de la Luz on Grand Canary
- 2 Mr. Christopher Aitken, housemaster at Christ's Hospital School, Horsham
- 3 On the games deck, Martin Hale and Mark Bone
- 4 On the bridge Captain A. E. Divers and the Queen Mary's Chief Officer M. F. Hehir
- 5 On the boat deck sunshine for Miss Joan Amelan, from Manchester, and Mr. David Middleweek, from Wolverhampton
- 6 Competitors at shoveboard, Susan Nayler, from Stockport and Maxwell Hunter, from Brighton
- 7 Journey's end on Las Canteras Beach at Las Palmas
- 8 View of the sea for Mr. Harry Hynd, Labour M.P. for Accrington, and Mrs. Hynd



1



2



3



Sailing to June in January by Muriel Bowen

As the *Queen Mary* turned her sleek bows towards the open sea on her New Year cruise to the sun *Rule Britannia*, played by the ship's orchestra, floated over the water. Passengers forming a human herbaceous border packed her sides while below stewardesses took the flowers from their wrappings and arranged them in cabins. Winter cruising used to be the occupation of the very rich or the very ill but not any more. This particular cruise was all-age, with one passenger in ten under the age of 16.

WORK AND PLAY

"What times does this place get to Las Palmas?" somebody asked. "Place" was an apt description. The master of the *Queen Mary*, CAPT. E. A. DIVERS has the power and the permanent staff of a town hall. The ship is vast. During the war when she was trooping with 15,000 a voyage the Americans used to send 2,500 men two days in advance to study the layout of the ship so that they could act as guides. With only 700 passengers (plus 1,285 crew) I found it was easy to get lost between the Spanish class in the drawing room and the 'Teens & 'Twenties party in the Beachcomber Club a couple of decks below.

A few people came on board with the intention of working. SIR COLIN PEARSON, a Lord Justice of Appeal, brought some law books. Only the promise of a hard-hitting game of shuffleboard—which he usually won—could lure him away from them.

Most people however came for the fun. Mrs. E. BUSTED, who disembarked at Las Palmas to winter there, could never get sufficient partners to satisfy her enthusiasm for deck games. Mr. HARRY HYND, M.P. for Accrington, showed most of us the way whether it was the swimming gala or the bottle race in the gymkhana.

Others cruising included, Mr. & Mrs. PETER RICHARDSON; Mrs. E. BERKELEY; LT.-COL. & Mrs. STEWART WATSON; Mr. & Mrs. T. MUNRO GLASS and their children TESSA and TOMMY; MAJOR & Mrs. J. A. KIRBY; Mr. & Mrs. W. COMBEN LONGSTAFF; Mr. & Mrs. ERIC MARSDEN; Mr. & Mrs. S. W. WILLSON; and Miss E. R. HUMPHREYS, who had stayed on from the previous cruise.

THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE

Capt. Divers kept those of us who were lucky enough to be at his table regaled with stories and anecdotes. I asked him what he liked to do when he was on leave. He reads. "As a boy growing up in Norfolk when it got dark I would take out a book," he said. "All the family did the same. We read until my father said it was time for bed." A book a day is no trouble to him. He used to play golf but now that he can no longer match his

wife's game he has given it up.

More than 60 of the *Queen Mary's* passengers had transferred from a January cruise of the ill-fated *Lakonia*. They included BRIGADIER & Mrs. C. WOODROFFE. "My wife sailed on the *Lakonia* about 15 years ago when she went to the Dutch East Indies and found her a very good boat; that was why we booked in her," Brig. Woodroffe told me. The Woodroffes are wintering in the Canaries: "The nearest place to England where you can be sure of the sun."

HOLIDAY SPIRIT

Las Palmas came on the horizon starkly white and hot, set on the edge of a shimmering blue sea. A few hours later we were to see it glowing pink in a setting sun. It used to be a place of oranges and lemons and unsophisticated straggling streets. But in the past 12 years it has been built up and there are now many skyscrapers and dual carriage-ways. A series of hairpin bends lead to an unspoilt countryside and both there and along the coast English people are renting villas to escape the worst of the winter.

On board the *Queen Mary* we did ourselves well. 16,000 bottles and 8,000 gallons of beer were consumed in six days. "It would be a good pub ashore that would do this amount of business in the same time," said Mr. LLOYD who has charge of the liner's 14 bars and wine cellars. I asked Mr. Lloyd, nearly 50 years with Cunard, what he considered the best method of coping with the morning after. He thinks a Bloody Mary is best, though Mr. PARRY, the chief steward, is firmly of the opinion that you can't beat onion soup. Because of its known qualities as a sorter-outer it is always placed, very discreetly, on the breakfast menu on Cunard ships. The French passengers are great believers in it and they make it more palatable by having a glass of champagne with it.

LINER LOGISTICS

But as regards food and drink it wasn't a typical voyage. British passengers usually drink more wine and—after the first day—eat less food. "We've got real eaters on board this time," the chef, Mr. BURGESS, told me. I could well believe that. It took us only 40 minutes at the Captain's table one evening to polish off caviar, soup, roast pheasant and *crêpe suzette*. Mr. Burgess gave me some statistics. "60 saddles of lamb one evening for dinner, 900 individual soufflés, 4,500 eggs a day . . ." The food is so good on the *Queen Mary* that one wonders how the company can afford the transportation as well.

It wasn't always so. Once in her pre-stabilizer and wartime days very rough weather on Christmas Day meant no

meal, just a piece of dry bread and cold meat. Sir Winston Churchill on his first voyage, also in wartime, was shocked to find the ship dry. But with that genius for quick action at the right time which Cunard captains have somehow built in he was immediately given permission to have his own licensing laws in the section of the ship which he and his staff occupied.

TOTE AND HIKE

The fun of a sea voyage is largely determined by the ship's officers and one's fellow passengers. The tote on the ship's run, deck tennis after lunch, bingo and ballroom dancing in the evening have now been added to by such things as a deck hike followed by a keep fit class (one hundred and more participants daily on the cruise), Scrabble competitions, community singing, twist and limbo competitions and Spanish class. "We put in the Spanish class just for fun on this cruise, and we were surprised to find how seriously people took it," Mr. HAROLD GRIMES, the cruise director told me. Mr. CHRISTOPHER AITKEN, a passenger put down its popularity to Miss MURIEL ARNOLD, the teacher, whom he describes, "an exceptionally pretty girl. Mr. Aitken is a housemaster at Chris Hospital School in Sussex.

Mr. Grimes finds that in his job he has not only to think of age groups but nationalities. "You can put on a whale drive for the British, but never for the Americans—nobody would turn up."

PLANS FOR 1967

The post-Suez gloom in the shipping world is past and Cunard recently announced its intention of building a new liner of 58,000 tons to replace the *Queen Mary*. It is hoped to have her in the sea by 1967. The design of the new ship will raise questions that are as much social as nautical. There is going to be the problem of giving an away-from-it-all feeling, and at the same time providing all the entertainment that can be packed into a day. Teenagers and smaller children have to be thought of more than in the past. Wives are the main persuaders when it comes to ocean cruises. They like the idea of having the children taken off their hands and entertainment provided for them.

To me one of the exciting things about travel in the *Queen Mary*—and I hope the new ship will achieve it—is the cool, calm certainty it provides in an uncertain world. The last 12 hours or so of our 3,000-mile journey was in a fairly thick fog, yet we tied up at Southampton 32 minutes ahead of schedule. And as they all seemed to be saying to each other on the prom deck: "Well it would never happen with British Railways!"

Hitch-hiking in Chelsea

Young people converged on the Chelsea town hall for the annual Organ Grinders' ball held in aid of the Save the Children Fund. They did the shake, the hitch-hike and occasionally the twist to two bands, the Oxford & Cambridge dance band and the Mike Sarne band, both of which gave their services free

- 1 Miss Antoinette Devonshire
- 2 Miss Judith MacManus
- 3 Miss Judith Elton
- 4 Mr. Richard Hall and Miss Susanna Ellis
- 5 Mr. Andrew Maxwell-Hyslop and Miss Helene Reade
- 6 Miss Caroline Colacicchi and Mr. Nicholas Hawkin
- 7 Miss Sarah Bond and Mr. James MacManus
- 8 Mr. Daniel Topolski and Miss Christine Lees
- 9 Mr. Jeremy Leathers and Miss Julia Corrie



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A boost for the beagles

The Commissioning Ball for the senior division of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, was held at Camberley. The dance traditionally follows the senior division's passing-out parade held during the day, and proceeds help the funds of the Academy's beagle pack. Three bands played during the evening, plus the pipers from the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, and dancing was in the gymnasium as well as in various other rooms decked out as night clubs. The Sandhurst Beagles were formed in 1935, suspended during the war and reformed in 1947 when the R.M.A., Sandhurst, came into being. Since then more than 100 officer cadets have served as members of the hunt staff

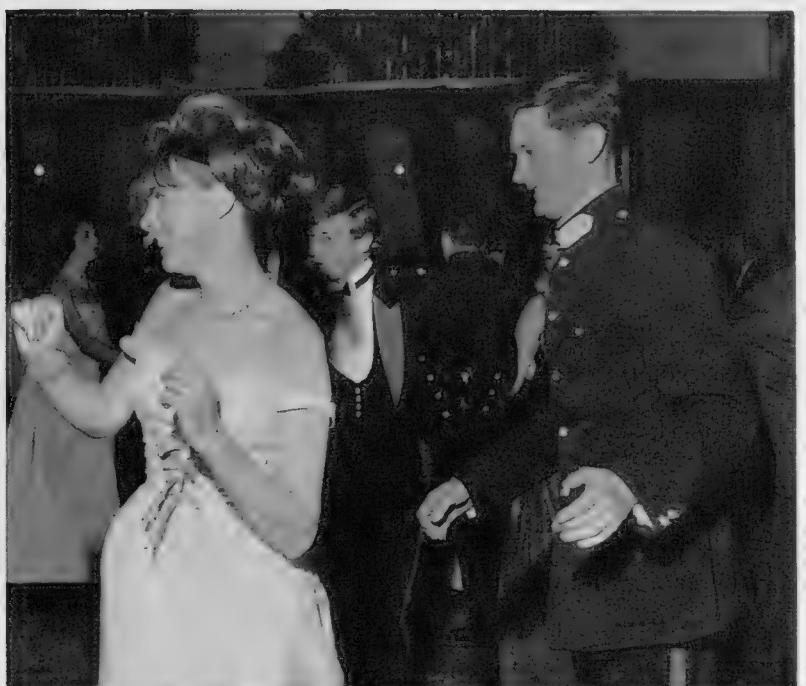
- 1 One of the bands that played for dancing was of the R.M.A. trad jazz band
- 2 Major & Mrs. D. G. Martin. He is master of the Sandhurst Beagles
- 3 Miss Fiona Adds and Mr. Peter Stanley
- 4 Mr. Colin Constable, Mr. David Norbury and Miss Augusta White Spinner
- 5 Mr. David Collingwood and Miss Patricia Patton
- 6 Mr. Philip Forster and Miss Jo Le Brocq
- 7 Miss Heather Stinton and Mr. Christopher Stuart Nash
- 8 Miss Isabel Riddell and Mr. Stewart Birt
- 9 Miss Susanne Clarke and Mr. Roger Gibson



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



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Letter from Scotland

This promises to be a busy year for Viscount & Viscountess Weir and their family, who live at Montgreenham, Kilwinning, Ayrshire. Their second son, the Hon. Douglas Weir, is to marry Miss Penelope Ann Whitehead, daughter of Group Captain & Mrs. John Whitehead, of Reading, Berkshire, on 29 February. Soon after that they'll be setting off for Alaska where Mr. Weir, a well-known ornithologist and artist, plans to study the wild life. He is hoping to hold an exhibition of his work in London later in the year.

"My brother has a gold mine in Alaska," Lady Weir, who is half-Canadian and half-English, told me. "I think they will be making the gold mining camp their base. But it doesn't open until some time in May. It doesn't come unfrozen till then."

This will give the Hon. Douglas Weir and his wife time to attend the wedding of Lord & Lady Weir's eldest son in Montreal in either March or April. (The engagement was announced two days before Christmas and the wedding date hasn't yet been fixed.) The Hon. William Weir, who is a director of the family firm of G. & J. Weir, is to marry Miss Diana MacDougall, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Peter MacDougall of Saraguay, Montreal.

"The bride's mother is a cousin of mine and our families have always known each other," said Lady Weir happily. She herself renews her Canadian ties with an annual trip to Canada. This year she and her husband, their only daughter and their three other sons are all planning to go to the Canadian wedding. Their daughter, the Hon. Janet Weir, who is 17, will be a bridesmaid at both weddings.

THE 14th JUDGE

There's more than a touch of medieval pomp and splendour to the installation of

a Scottish Judge of the Court of Session. The ceremony, which includes the robing of the new judge after he has taken the Oath of Loyalty, lasts only about 10 minutes, but a crowded and colourful ten minutes they are.

There was almost a full court room when the Court resumed recently after its Christmas recess, for the installation of Lord Fraser, formerly Mr. Walter Ian Reid Fraser, Q.C., Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. The Lord President of the Court, Lord Clyde, officiated, and 13 judges—all resplendent in Florentine lace jabots and plum coloured robes—welcomed Lord Fraser as a brother judge. The full Court dress is worn only at installations and the robes do, I'm told, date back to medieval times.

Nicest incident, I thought, was the new judge's traditional three bows—one to the other judges, one to the assembled company, and the third to his own family, ensconced, one can fairly safely surmise, for the only time in their lives, in the witness box.

A NON-REALIST VIEW

The new Lady Fraser was pleasantly modest about her own part in the proceedings. "It's a tremendous honour done to my husband," she told me. "I just have a little of the reflected glory." But Lady Fraser is not short on accomplishments herself. She is a successful artist—"mostly in oils"—and has exhibited in London and Paris as well as regularly in Edinburgh. Last year, one of her paintings, exhibited at the Royal Academy, was taken by Huddersfield Art Gallery. It was called *Border Landscape*, but it was far removed from reality. "I'm not at all realistic," Lady Fraser told me.

Lord and Lady Fraser have a 17-year-old son now in his final year at Eton. Is

there a chance of a legal career ahead for him? "He has a variety of ideas and they change constantly," his mother assured me.

A NINE YEAR PLAN

The Christmas Charity Ball held, despite its name, early in January, has raised at least £1,500 for this year's chosen charity, the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief. The ball has come a long way since the days when its convener, Miss Eileen Kerr, used to run it for her old school and then, one day in 1955, had the bright idea of running it for charity instead. That first year they raised £690 for the Scottish Council for the Care of Spastics, which was a brave beginning. Now they're such an established part of the Edinburgh social scene that good causes just queue up for a sight of the proceeds. "We've nine charities waiting," Miss Kerr told me, which means (happy thought) that we may expect a Christmas Charity Ball for at least another nine years. This year's effort was a sell-out, with about 1,000 guests tripping it briskly in the Assembly Rooms—among them Lt.-Col. Sir Donald and Lady Bannerman, patrons of the ball. Other guests had flown up from London to be present.

Always in search of new ideas—as you might expect from a committee which rejoices in so much young blood (though I'm told the ages do range from 18 to 60!) they introduced this year a night club room.

This was organized by an extremely hard-working young member of the committee, Miss Gillian Ramage. She was working "almost round the clock" on the project before the ball, I gather. But in spite of this she found time, somehow, to announce her engagement at Christmas. J.P.

The Berwick Ball

The Berwickshire Hunt Ball was held at the home of Bridget Lady McEwen at Marchmont, Berwickshire

1 Col. G. R. Trotter, chairman of the hunt, and Mrs. Robin McEwen

2 Mrs. John Menzies, and Mrs. William Mond

3 Mr. & Mrs. Alexander McEwen with Bridget Lady McEwen, hostess for the evening

4 Miss Alexandra Law and Mr. Martin Haldane



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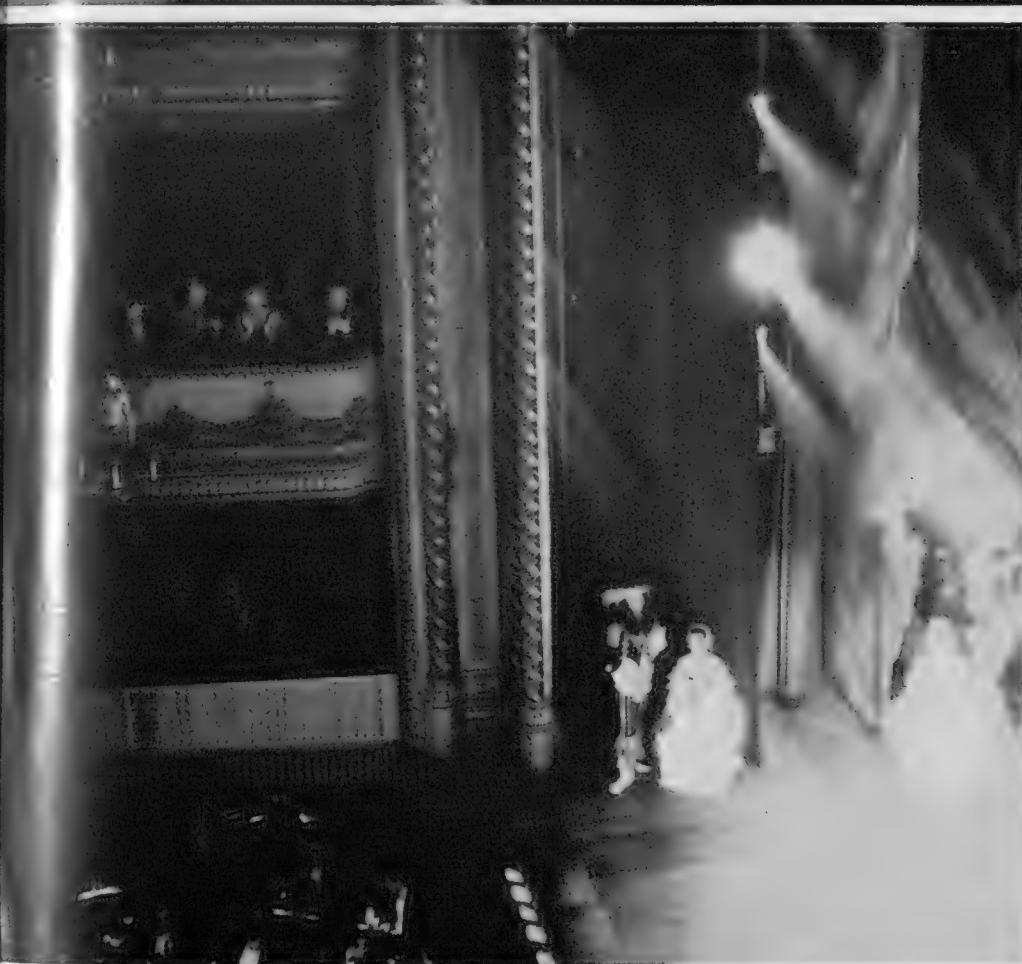
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PHOTOGRAPHS: ANTHONY CRICKMAY

Royal Guests at the Royal Opera House, Princess Margaret and the Earl of Snowdon (top with dancer Mr. Stanley Holden), attended a party to mark the retirement of Dame Ninette de Valois as director of the Royal Ballet. The party followed a performance of *The Sleeping Beauty* (above left) watched by Dame Ninette from her customary box. Dame Margot Fonteyn and Sir David Webster, General Administrator of the Royal Opera House (above right), were among the guests who watched the presentation of furniture for her new London home to Dame Ninette

A MBER HEART OF THE COLOURED COUNTIES

Novelist Ronald Blythe makes a reflective tour of the Cotswold town of Evesham on market day

W

hat is "Englishness"? Is it a chauvinistic abstraction or does it actually exist, geographically speaking, in our hybrid island? I think that if I had to show a foreigner the geographical quintessence of Englishness I would take him to Worcestershire and that if an ultimate distillation of the word needed demonstrating, then I would take him to Evesham. After walking in this little town, he would easily comprehend the incantation-like excitement of the word "England" for such disparate Worcestershire men as Stanley Baldwin and Edward Elgar. It would also go a long way towards explaining both the strength and the mystery of English provincialism and its profound effect on our art and politics.

Evesham is the amber heart of the coloured counties. It has Shakespeare's Avon and Housman's Bredon. And if these are not enough for one small market town, it has the heart of Simon de Montfort, too—that proto-democrat and "hero of England." Who was a Frenchman, of course. The Vale of Evesham is landlocked by the shires and is a kind of fertile cornucopia where the fruits of the earth are lavishly tiered in a horticultural pattern which has no parallel in any other part of the country. It is not St. Ecgwin, who founded Evesham Abbey, but some more opulent shade who should preside over such plenty. The lanes quake beneath lorry loads of salad, pears, plums, cauliflowers, anemones, tomatoes, asparagus, leeks and strawberries which descend from the hills in and out of season. Every foot of the great Vale is jealously cultivated. The gardens, which average little more than six acres apiece, are farmed by a multitude of master-men, each of whom is splendidly eccentric. Government subsidies, the latest trucks and frost insurance come their way, but not rat-race commitments. They'll have none of them. They are gardeners rather than farmers and they have the gardener's contempt for hustle and grab. Besides, they have a horticultural lineage unique outside the kitchen gardens of a few great houses, for they inherited their acres and their gardening traditions from the monks of Evesham Abbey in the early 16th century, and neither greedy local squire nor national slump—not to mention the planners—have been able to uproot them.

Young Mr. W. G. Cole is typical of the hundreds of Vale gardener-farmers. He has a glassy kingdom at Offenham. His cold-houses and the ice-blue acres of his cloches (£58 per 100 yards) cover the ground where the King of Mercia had his palace. Mr. Cole is born and bred to the politics of the Vale. At the moment the burning issue is the argument for and

against organic farming. He says it is "as bad as religion." He is strictly anti-toxic. He sends asparagus to Covent Garden and nearly everything else that he grows to the North Midlands—and so does every neighbour of his for miles around. But there isn't a hint of the hard-sell note in his voice. He and the Vale men, for all their cultivators, are Adams from another age. The Dutch, he said, are moving in, but he said it without criticism or anxiety.

Gardening is the *leitmotif* of Evesham itself. The national obsession reaches its apogee here. The streets, lined with everything either a gardener or a vegetarian could wish for, reach their climax in the Market Place, where it is perpetual harvest festival. In any other ancient borough the cloisters of a pre-Reformation abbey would be laid out with Ministry of Works turf; in Evesham they are laid out with raspberry and asparagus beds. The old man whose bicycle lodged comfortably against a triple row of decapitated abbots couldn't say if such sacred soil did anything for his lettuces. His cloches made a sharp crystal geometry beneath the grey arches. Dead lilacs clattered against 13th-century walls, a carillon played "Come lasses and lads," the shadows crossed Bredon and he thought it might be tea-time. Abbot Clement built the marvellous bell tower which houses the carillon. It stands "free" and dominates Evesham. It is the last Perpendicular building outside Oxford and Cambridge to be erected in England before the Reformation. Abbot Clement went on building it right up to the hour of Dissolution, with the cold breath of the reformers chilling his mortar. It is now a great Gothic music-box with 12 bells and an elaborate chiming apparatus which diverts Evesham with a different tune each day for a fortnight. The lasses and lads were, at that moment, ton-upping to Stratford for the annual "Mop."

Close to the bell tower lies Simon de Montfort. Coming across his grave gives one a kind of historical *vertige*. It is so surprising—in spite of the fact that one has read it all up in the guide book—that one needs to concentrate on something belonging to the sunny present to prevent one being dragged down into the violence of that August day in 1265 when this great French Englishman, 18 lords, 160 knights and 4,000 soldiers perished in this beautiful loop of the Avon. There was to be nothing comparable until Culloden. Simon himself was a wonderfully civilized creature; loving, educated and brave, but as he "created a new force in English politics" death was too good for him, so they carved him to pieces. It was 4 August and it thundered. The darkness of that afternoon is distantly linked with the decidedly English gloom of

Housman and connects with the bronze soldier, with his cheese-cutter and respirator, on Evesham's war memorial. Dismal, all this? Bad for the tourist image of incomparable Evesham? I hardly think so. It seems to me to be a town startlingly aligned with the elegiac aspect of the English genius. "Only connect," as Mr. E. M. Forster rightly insists. If we don't, then travelling is nothing more than booking in at the four stars and watching the oil gauge.

The equanimity of past and present in Evesham is best seen in the handsome town house of Mrs. W. A. Cox on Merstow Green, where the postern gate of the Abbey can be seen like a broom cupboard near the stairs and the garden paths are paved with the coffin lids of Plantagenet ecclesiastics. Quoins, corbels and broken window traceries fill the rockeries. Fuchsias bleed on the rubble of the unreformed church. Mrs. Cox is in fact living in the great Abbey Gate which is somehow encased, like a Chinese architectural puzzle, in a Georgian mansion. Mrs. Cox knows that the past doesn't have to be very "past" to be fascinating.

"See those candlesticks? Marie Corelli gave them to my brother; she was very fond of him."

Immediately, Evesham's abbots and Evesham's asparagus vanished clean away, to leave room for that ample shade, the author of *The Master Christian* and *The Sorrows of Satan*, as, dressed in her Worth finery and with no doubt that she was greater than St. Theresa and George Eliot combined, she is poled down the Avon in the gondola she brought specially from Venice. She lived at Stratford but her eccentricity—and no quintessence of Englishness can be complete without eccentricity—has reached the Vale and is recorded there by a pair of extraordinarily heavy candlesticks.

Evesham can scarcely be called a tourist discovery. It isn't Broadway or Polperro, certainly; fame doesn't clog it. But it is in the middle of so much perfect country that its most individual flavour could be missed if one did not pause there for longer than it takes to eat luncheon or fill up the tank. This, of course, goes for any place these days. There could never have been a time when people travelled so far and saw so little. The place to stay in Evesham is "The Crown," where Evesham's visitors have stayed since the days of Henry VIII and most likely before. There is a well under a grating in the hall—reputed to be a thousand years old—and the landlord's motto over the bar, "What I do, I do," is a trifle belligerent, but the hotel is comfortable and excellent in the best unfussed English way. It has a kind

of luxurious quiet, good food and a frontage recessed around a coaching yard which adds to its essential tranquillity.

This most inimitable of small, golden English boroughs possesses as its crowning virtue a truly courtly spaciousness. There are nooks and ingles but the immediate impression is of lavish and elegant distances between the buildings. The High Street itself is wide enough to have pleased Baron Haussmann and double parking both sides still leaves heaps of room for the endless procession of fruit and vegetable lorries, the station wagons and Minis, the ubiquitous motorcycles and the occasional equestrian, while the confusion of gardens and park above the Avon and below Bredon makes this end of the town a delight to walk in. It is an English epitome, a lustrous alliance of creamy-gold stone and fat, cheerful produce. All the English voices are speaking at once here.



Market day in Evesham. The Vale gardens pour their splendour into stalls like those of Mr. Eden



Victorian tombs and Elizabethan shoppers in Vine Street



On the plinth, Tommy Atkins, 4 August 1914, behind him Abbot Clement Lichfield's bell tower and the tree that marks the grave of Simon de Montfort, 4 August 1265

RADA AT 50

Strictly speaking RADA is older than fifty by a pretty full decade. Though the Incorporated Academy of Dramatic Art held its first statutory meeting on 5 March, 1914—the Royal Charter was granted six years later—its inception dates from 1904 when actor-manager Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree began to teach their trade to student actors in the dome of the then His Majesty's Theatre. In 1905 Tree moved his infant Academy to an old Bloomsbury house; the address in 1964 remains the same though the building is new and much larger. Mr. John Fernald, RADA's Principal since 1955, talked to *Robert Wright* at the start of a jubilee year marked by an adventurous American tour. *Romano Cagnoni* took the pictures, which include a gallery of recent graduates

Right: Principal of RADA, Mr. John Fernald, talks to the group of students selected for the first American tour, most of whom are in their fifth and sixth terms. The RADA touring company open with the Fernald-directed *Macbeth* in Tucson, Arizona, on Friday. During their six weeks in Arizona they will also present *As You Like It* and Webster's *The White Devil*. Top right: in a fourth term tutorial Miss Mary Duff comments on a Wesker monologue delivered by one of the students, on the right another student, Miss Claire Jenkins, makes mental notes for her own performance. Top centre: at another tutorial Miss Tina Packer quotes—of all Shakespeare parts—*Macbeth* to student Mr. John Leeson (left), tutor Mr. Paul Lee, and student Mr. R. Pickup who plays *Macbeth* in Arizona. Top far right: Miss Mary Phillips, a senior teacher who deputises in the absence of the Principal, conducts a mime class in which a man dreams that everybody has been turned into umbrellas on legs.





RADA AT 50

You are young and good looking and you think you would like to be an actor. You know you have much to learn and you decide that the best place to learn it is the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. You write for a prospectus and when it arrives you open it excitedly and begin to read. You scan a list of Associate Members and note among those who were once RADA students, Richard Attenborough, Jill Bennett, Albert Finney, Trevor Howard, Barbara Jefford, Vivien Leigh, Peter O'Toole, Dorothy Tutin, Susannah York. And already you can see your name there in lights with theirs. Then you turn the page and get the first of a number of surprises, warnings and shocks.

Acting cannot be taught, you read. And later: *The working day is normally of about eight hours staggered between 10 a.m. and 9.30 p.m.* And still later: *For actresses merely to have talent is not enough; their talent must be outstanding.* By the time you have finished reading you have the impression that the object of the prospectus is to put you off going to RADA and that the author of it will sigh with relief if you decide, after all, to forget acting and go in for business or modelling instead.

And you are right. Sighing with relief every day at the thought of how many people like you he has frightened away is Mr. John Fernald who proudly boasts that since he became Principal of RADA in 1955 the number of students has been cut by more than half, from about 330 to 140. In the old, pre-Fernald days the annual intake of new students represented about 25 per cent of candidates at the entrance test; today it is seven per cent. This has been made possible economically by the simple expedient of increasing the tuition fees (and no doubt also by the considerable sum now accruing from the royalties of *My Fair Lady* under the terms of the bequest made to RADA in the will of George Bernard Shaw). "They were absurdly low," says Mr. Fernald. Present rate is £80 a term.

From the start the motto of the Fernald regime has been "quality not quantity." The smaller number of students has made possible a university-type tutorial system in which a small group work together with the same tutor throughout all but the first term of a two year course. "The tutors help them with all their artistic problems," Mr. Fernald told me, and added, "And their emotional ones too."

In his own estimation Fernald's most important contribution to RADA lies in the fact that he is a man of the theatre, a producer of nearly 40 years standing, and still works outside the Academy. This has made it possible for him to ensure that by the time a student gets his diploma he has acquired not only a technique but also an experience of acting under professional conditions. To provide this experience RADA's own theatre, the Vanbrugh, is run like a commercial rep. (with the important difference that its seats are all free to the public) in which the students give an evening performance virtually every weekday and frequent matinées as well. Recent productions include *Murder in*



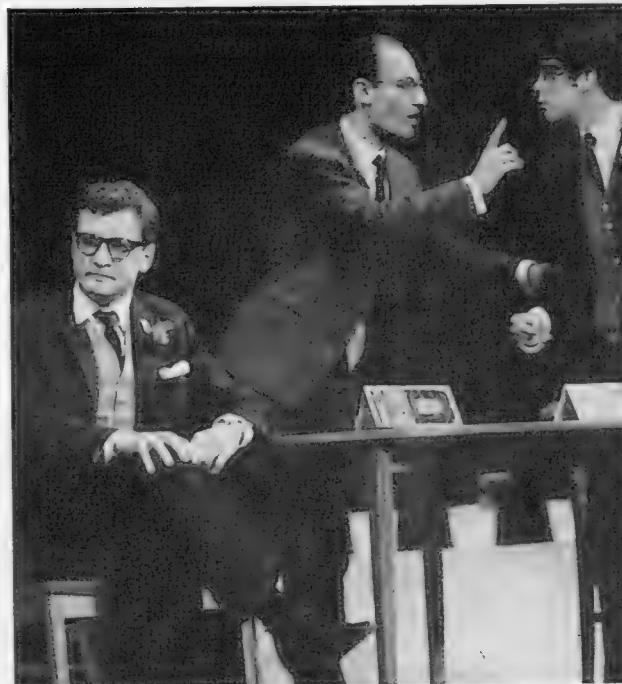
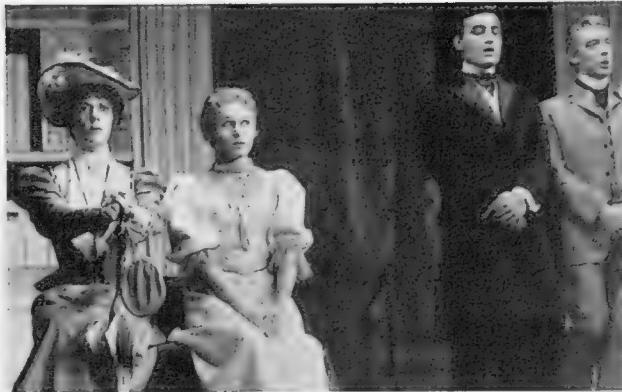


Most spectacular of John Fernald's innovations at RADA is the establishment of a theatre which works with the clockwork regularity of any repertory. There were twelve productions in the twelve weeks of last term and the pictures on this page highlight four of them

Left: a scene from Jean Genet's *The Maids*. Right: *The Importance of Being Earnest*—the company had just returned from a tour of Holland

Centre right: first British production of Ionesco's farce *Foursome*

Below right: Jean Anouilh's farce, *Episode in the Life of an Author*, also the first British production. The last two named formed part of a bill of one-act plays. The RADA theatre offers the widest international programme and an unorthodox selection of plays which range from tragedies to musicals, from classics to experimental pieces, while retaining a certain preference for anything of which the commercial theatre still fights shy. It is also a touring theatre playing the West of England and Northern Ireland, the York, Aldeburgh and King's Lynn Festivals as well as Holland, Switzerland and Norway. The whole system originates from Fernald's basic idea that his students should become professional actors before leaving RADA. It is his case that they can only perfect their talents in contact with as many and as varied audiences in different theatres as RADA can find for them. The results have not been without reward. Fernald quotes with pride the fact that of 63 students who finished the course in the year up to June, 1963, 58 already had at that date a remunerative professional position, though he would hardly claim that all of them got the jobs he would have wished for them





RADA AT 50

the Cathedral, 'Tis Pity She's a Whore, The Importance of Being Earnest, The Silver Curlew and one-actors by Anouilh, Genet and Ionesco.

But this is not all. No opportunity to send a successful Vanbrugh production on tour in this country or abroad is missed. In recent years RADA companies have presented Ibsen in Norway and Shaw in Ireland and made triumphal visits to Switzerland and Holland. Two days ago a sizable company flew to Arizona where they will play *Macbeth*, *As You Like It* and Webster's *The White Devil*.

"An idealist American wrote for help with his Shakespeare quatercentenary celebrations," explained Mr. Fernald who, incidentally, was born in California. "He was probably thinking of Finney and Gielgud but I suggested that we might do it."

All this means long hours such as were unknown in the old days. "I've probably over-worked some of them," the Principal admits. "And sometimes I've been surprised to find that young people have less stamina than old ones like me. But we have to work them hard to do everything in a two-year course. On the Continent it's usually four."

John Fernald is 58, his hair is a distinguished grey, but in him still burns an enthusiasm for the theatre that, as one realizes after a few moments with him, amounts almost to fanaticism.

"We will have no one here who expects to be taught to act," he says. "What we teach is the technique by which someone with a natural talent for acting, and with imagination, intelligence, courage and determination can transfer what he feels here"—patting his stomach with both hands—"to the heart of an audience."

Gone are the days, he told me, when fond mamas thought RADA was a finishing school and sent their daughters to learn deportment. Gone, too, is the "RADA accent," that favourite butt of theatre critics in the past. Today RADA teaches Standard English—and is sometimes criticized for that.

Standard English? Mr. Fernald found it hard to define. It is, he said, unaffected pure English, not Kensingtonian or huntin', shootin' and fishin'. It is such that no comedian can get a laugh simply by using it. A student who comes to the Academy with, say, a Cockney or a Brummagem accent is taught to use Standard English generally and make his original accent part of his equipment for character acting along with all other sorts of accent.

The way the students live has also changed drastically in recent years. Very few now have private incomes or are kept by parents. The majority live on grants from local education authorities. The Academy itself awards a number of scholarships which are worth considerably less than the average educational authority grant and are given only to "candidates of exceptional merit who can prove they are in genuine need." A scholarship, then, is invariably accompanied by hardship, but it usually goes to the best type of student, a student who has



Above: Sian Phillips (Mrs. Peter O'Toole) was photographed with daughter Kate, 4, at their Hampstead home. Miss Phillips, currently in Robert Bolt's play *Gentle Jack* at the Queen's Theatre, still remembers "the horror" of competing for a RADA scholarship in the unlit practice theatre

Top left: John Stride with his wife, former RADA student Virginia Thomas, and their daughter Philippa, received a RADA scholarship plus a weekly £4 after successful performances as Anthony and Hamlet in Michael Croft's first productions at Alleyn's School. Stride, the Old Vic's last Romeo is now a member of the National Theatre Top centre: Anne Beach, soon to be seen in *The Seagull*, first play of the English Stage Company's new West End season, began as a BBC singer and first arrived at RADA too young for an audition. Admitted to a Highgate hostel and preparatory academy then linked with RADA she ended as "most promising 16-year-old" among its 30-odd boarders

Top far left: Susannah York, starring in *The Wings of the Dove* at the Lyric Theatre, was photographed in a Chelsea antiques shop. She emerged from her Northampton boarding school unsure whether to become an actress or an academic (English Literature and Latin). She chose RADA, where it was said that her movements lacked precision and her diction was too rapid. Hard work made a happy ending in the part of Nora in *A Doll's House* and a contract with Worthing Repertory. After *The Greengage Summer* and *Tom Jones* she could claim to be a film star, but doesn't

Left: Sarah Miles, critically acclaimed for her role in the film *The Servant*, did so badly at her first RADA audition that she went happily home to the country to become a horse trainer. Informed of her acceptance by letter she did not want to go but finally gave in to her mother. Sent down after her third term she was given a second chance, changed to her mother's maiden name and was surprised that, even to her own critical eye, the new Miss Baskerville did slightly better than the old Miss Miles. Two terms later she changed her name back and won success in the Vanbrugh production of *Six Characters in Search of an Author*

RADA AT 50



perhaps first been to university and used his grant there and is now ready to make any sacrifice to become a good actor.

The stringent vetting of prospective students and the toughness of the course the successful ones must take has already paid off. The past few years has seen the emergence from Gower Street of an impressive galaxy of young actors and actresses whose names are widely known.

Most of these were working in repertory companies, the best place for them however good they are, Mr. Fernald believes. "It is not always good to go straight to the West End." And of television he said, like the dedicated theatre man he is, "The standard of acting is often lamentably low, isn't it?"

There is also, I was relieved to find, a milder side to his personality. It emerged for me at the last moment of our interview when, on the instructions of a cat-lover in my own family, I asked what he meant by describing one of his recreations, listed in *Who's Who*, as "looking at cats." He answered by handing me a photograph from his desk. Like a proud father he said, "That's Liz. She's 18. She'll come to me from one end of the house to the other as soon as I whistle the *Barcarolle* from *Tales of Hoffman*. The cat I mean. The girl is my daughter Karin." Karin is, of course, an actress.

Left: Tom Courtenay, from Hull, studies his new part in *Andorra*, by Max Frisch, the National Theatre's next production. Former student of English at London's University College, he played in productions of the dramatic society there and later gained a RADA scholarship. He found the going difficult but as a finalist played first a Teddy boy in a musical and then *Faust*. His first professional part was at the Old Vic in Fernald's production of *The Seagull*. Fame came with *Billy Liar*. Below left: Ann Bell, from Liverpool, TV's *Jane Eyre*, was quite convinced she had failed her RADA audition. Her first three terms there were not easy but the second year "went like a flash." From RADA she went to play in *The Seagull* at Nottingham where her performance so impressed Fernald that he called her back to London to play the same part at the Old Vic. Top left: Diana Rigg, from Doncaster, the Royal Shakespeare Theatre's young heroine, is willing to admit that she was not RADA's most assiduous pupil. London's social life involved her rapidly and it was not until her second year that she began to decide which parts would suit her best. In her last term she was asked to alternate with Sian Phillips, star-student of her class, as the governor's wife in Brecht's *Caucasian Chalk Circle*. The part helped earn her RADA diploma. Top far left: Richard Briers has made a corner in TV light comedy—biggest success *The Marriage Lines*—but for a long time liked only to play old men parts under the heavy protection of a beard. Fernald built up his confidence and though he left RADA without a prize he did have a year's contract to Liverpool.



Mid-winter sunshine on the terrace of the Imperial Hotel. Jumper suit in beige and white tweedy knitted wool, white-collared, by Rima Casuals, 25½ gns. at Hunts Dress Shops, Bond Street; McDonalds, Glasgow; Benny Davis, Hanley

Forecast: Sunshine

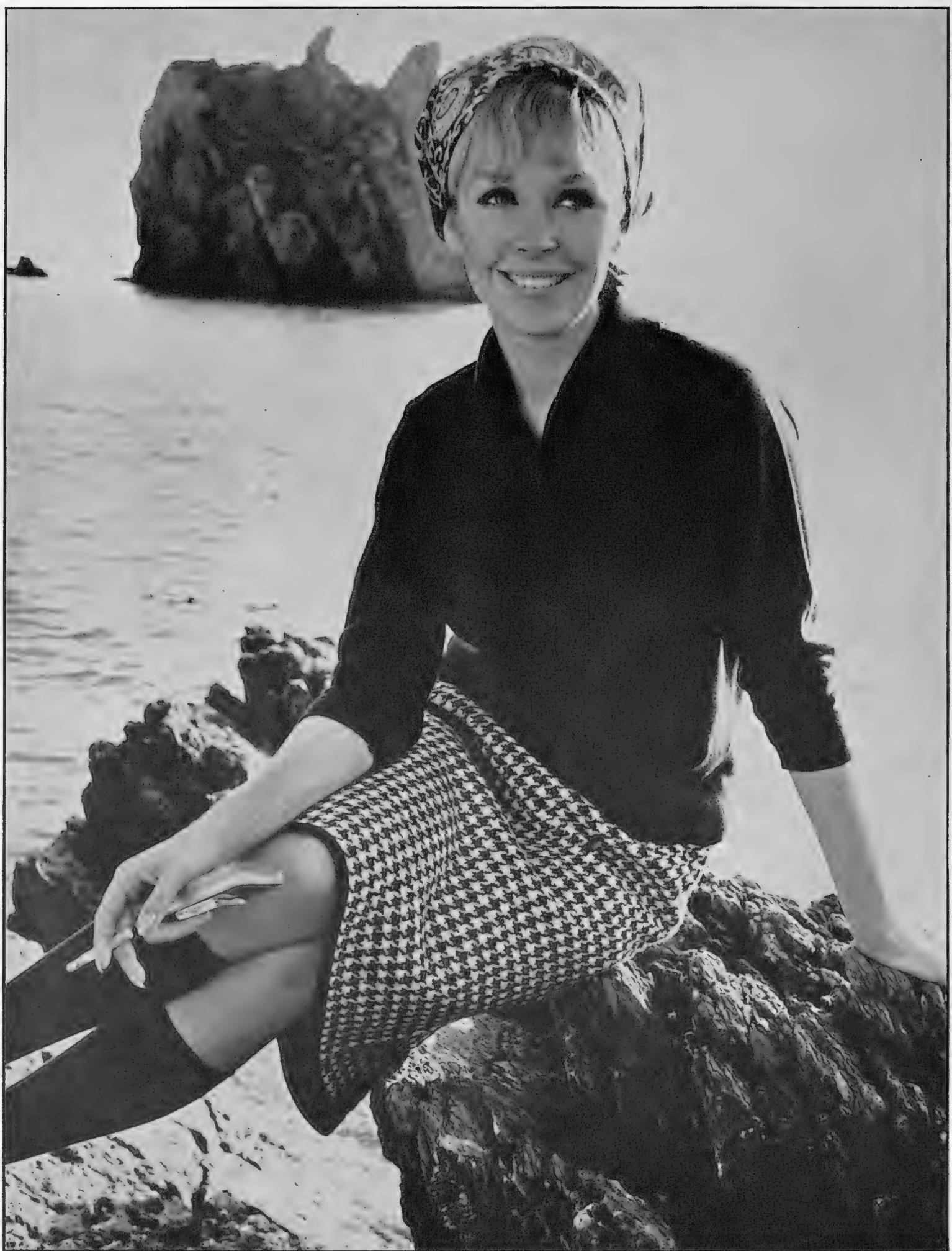
It's an optimist who'll guarantee a heatwave the spring and summer through—even long-range forecasters tend to hedge their bets—but realists know that the sun can shine with real warmth on any day of the year even in England. To prove it, these pictures were taken at Torquay on a balmy winter's day that the natives took for granted. Suntrap there is the Imperial Hotel, whose palms and terraces and Riviera-like view across Torbay made a perfect setting for a first picking of spring clothes chosen by Unity Barnes



Understandably admired by the hotel pageboy, a dress in grey Shetland tweed with a smooth unbroken line, a very new look about the tucked barrel sleeves. By Jane & Jane, £18 10s. at Peter Jones; Gay Gething, Hereford; The Boutique, Grimsby. Pearl and gilt pendant-brooch on a gilt chain by Corocraft, 29s. 6d. at Dickins & Jones



The rooms in the new wing of the hotel have an unbroken view of Torbay; at night distant pearl-strung lights are the only clue. In party mood, a dress of brilliant pink wild silk with demurely flat collar, long buttoned cuffs. By Robert Dorland, 18½ gns. at Chanelle, Knightsbridge and other branches; Browns of Chester; Dalys, Glasgow



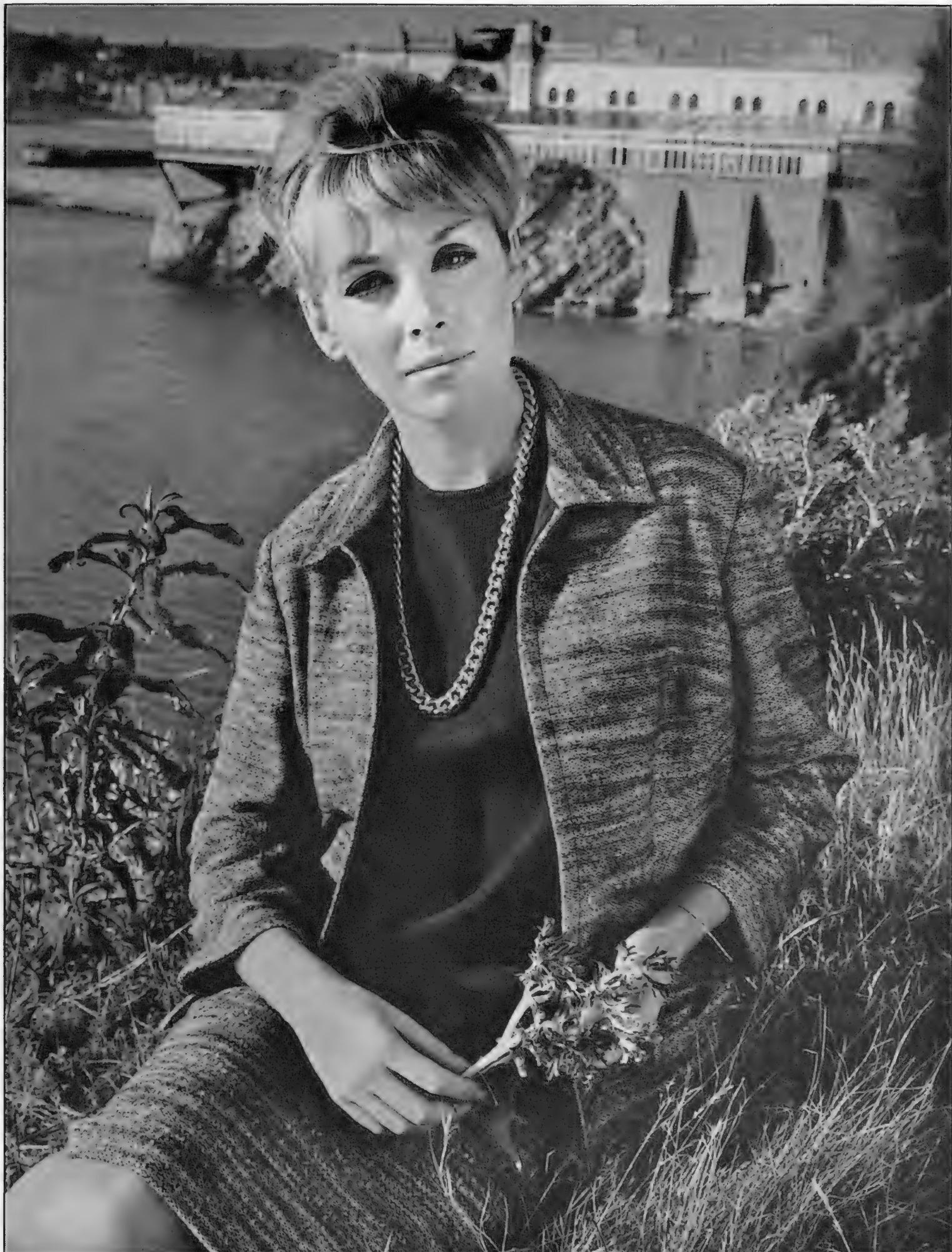
Against a Mediterranean-like backdrop of sea and rocks, seen from the hotel's beach, a casual look composed of navy and white reversible skirt in thick wool (the other side is all navy) by Dereta, £4 9s. 6d. at Harrods; Skirt Shops, Bristol; Bentalls, Kingston. The sweater in navy lambswool, shirt-necked, is by Lyle & Scott, 3 gns. at Peter Jones; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; Fenwicks, Newcastle-on-Tyne



Shaded by palm trees in the grounds of the Imperial Hotel, an oatmeal tweed cardigan suit with a caramel shantung shirt. By Dereta, £11 0s. 6d. at D. H. Evans; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Rackhams, Birmingham



Another look at Torre Abbey (the house is now a museum, the grounds open to the public). The black and white tweed coat, young and positive, is by Mono, 13 gns. at Liberty; Darling's, Edinburgh; Browns of Chester. Black leather beret by Dolores, £4 7s. 6d. at Peter Jones; Marshall & Snelgrove, Leeds. Black leather boots 10 gns. at Charles Jourdan



Flower-gathering on the cliff edge below the Imperial Hotel, in a tweed jersey suit of olive and beige, with an olive green sweater. By Dobett, £16 19s. 6d. at Marshall & Snelgrove, London, Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds and Harrogate, and at Browns of Chester. Gilt chain by Jewelcraft, 10s. 6d. at Bourne & Hollingsworth



The medieval gatehouse of Torre Abbey, on the outskirts of Torquay, is the setting for a late-afternoon sunshine picture. The black and white checked jersey suit with a tie-necked sweater in scarlet wool, is by Toplet, 15 gns. at Gorringes; County Clothes, Cheltenham; Isabel Carson Boutique, Henley-on-Thames.



BARRY WARNER

LAMPLIGHTING

COUNTERSPY BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

The dazzling white lamp that shines on a gloomy winter's night provides just the right pool of visibility in a dark room. The lamp scores most in an older house where it is better to ignore the stucco decoration for a central light.

Because unless the room is an exceptionally large and grand one, anything you care to hang from the centre tends to look either over luxe (chandeliers) or faintly incongruous (modern pendant fittings).

Lamplighting from left: White alabaster column about two foot high: General Trading Company, 5 gns. Palest pistachio green onyx lamp with a milk glass shade and gold feet and fittings: 22 gns. at Harrods.

White ceramic Corinthian column with a shade that looks like white pleated chiffon. This one is washable and has a luminous quality when lit. Lamp by Casa Pupo at Liberty, £6 15s. Shade £4 13s. 6d. at Liberty.

The most enlightened lamplighters in London are: Heals for moderns; John Lewis & Peter Jones for sheer quality-quantity; Liberty for pretty reproductions of old lamps and the newest kind of Japanese rice paper lanterns that are pierced like lace on the outer shade; Casa Pupo for a ceramics of good looking lamps in whiter than white. Woollards now have a room for lamplighters where the newest and prettiest shed a well-designed glow.

on plays

UNSURE USTINOV

Mr. Peter Ustinov has written **The Life in My Hands** like a man who has just discovered that the death penalty exists—and that he is against it. And if that is unfair, then it is no more unfair than the disappointment felt by the play-goer who has traipsed up to the Nottingham Playhouse in the happy expectation of seeing and hearing another Ustinov play of wit, good sense and perhaps a touch of fantasy. In fact, as one knows, Mr. Ustinov has been arguing against death sentences for some years, and with convincing grounds for his argument. The chagrin felt by the audience at being presented with a fairly shapeless but portentous play is

because one felt one could count on him for a more subtle touch even when he was dealing with a subject of such major importance.

However, there it is: a play which may not be but certainly feels over-long, in which this most gifted playwright only allows a few glimpses of his brilliance to show.

The narrator, whose confidential talks with the audience link the scenes of the play together, is the prototype of the seedy, chain-smoking journalist; his editor a breezy amoralist and both of them closer to caricature than is permissible for a writer who must, surely, at least once have seen the inside of a news-

paper office? The problem is the rape and subsequent death of a mentally irresponsible young girl for which a man has been tried and condemned to death. (It is explained that the country in which this takes place is an unspecified one but the legal processes are pretty close to the English ones.) There is considerable local feeling that the death sentence should not be carried out and the chief speaker in this cause is the student son of the Minister in whose power it lies to commute the sentence or pardon the prisoner. This boy, vigorously and sensitively played by Mr. Ian McKellen, argues passionately with his father and, either in order to bolster his case or to break the older man down, tells him that not only has he himself barely escaped the predicament of the accused but that he knows some extremely unsavoury details about his own father's early life. This, since the

mother is present at the scenes, has the effect of breaking up all pretence of family unity while leaving the Minister unshaken in his decision to go through with the court's sentence.

Here it should be said that Mr. Leo McKern as the Minister gives by far the best performance of the evening and brings a fire and intensity, as well as a semblance of integrity to the part which give the play its best moments. The boy is an idealist, lamentably given to expressing himself in clichés; the father a materialist but by no means a bad man, capable of salvaging dignity from an intolerable situation. I cannot remember having seen Mr. McKern more at advantage. In the end the accused man dies while the family tensely count off the minutes to his execution and the son rushes out to return to his university and die on the way there in a car accident which seemed to me to prove nothing at all for either side.

Through all this there have been interventions by the editor, by a deeply concerned young doctor who gives as his opinion that the law cannot be renewed without martyrs, and legal and psychiatric experts. None of this, though, has the effect of heightening the tension which, on the contrary, is slackened by one speech—I had almost written one lecture—after another. The result, curiously enough, is a series of false dawns and anti-climaxes with the ubiquitous reporter advancing to the brink of the stalls to make his comments and lay bare the peculiar aridity of his own private life. Before the final curtain falls another suspect in another murder case has been shepherded across the stage on his way to a further exposure to legal processes, and the great question is still unresolved. Paradoxically, it is in this lack of neat, acceptable answer that one of the few strengths of the play abides. It is impossible for Mr. Ustinov to write wholly badly and in this very lack of determination one can see and recall his usual mastery of stage and dramatic technique.

If this were the work of a new or a less distinguished playwright one would set out to find some palliatives. But Mr. Ustinov is not that. He is one of our major writers for the stage and, having shown us over and over again what he is capable of, we naturally want to see him again at his best. I just hope that at this very minute he is hard at work on his next play.



ROMANO CAGNONI

*Max Frisch is the author of the National Theatre's next presentation *Andorra* which opens there next Tuesday. It has been translated by Michael Bullock and features Tom Courtenay and Diana Wynyard in the leading roles. Lindsay Anderson directs*

on films

SELLERS ON TOP FORM

Perhaps the nicest thing about *The Pink Panther*—apart from the deliciously funny credit titles, which straightaway put one in a jolly mood—is that it's so agreeably relaxed about sex. Unlike the other two Hollywood comedies newly sprung upon us, this one does not approach the subject in a side-long, sniggery sort of way. It boldly supports the Gallic point of view—that infidelity does not necessarily make for an unhappy marriage, provided the extra-marital affairs are conducted with discretion and the *convenances* of domestic life scrupulously observed.

Beautiful Capucine, married to Mr. Peter Sellers, a bungling, butter-fingered French Inspector of Police, gives her husband no cause for uneasiness. He adores his exquisitely elegant wife and is perfectly happy with her. That she is the accomplice and mistress of the Phantom (a notorious jewel thief Mr. Sellers has long been vainly pursuing) he never suspects, and he is sufficiently naïve to believe she buys her mink coats and model gowns (from M. Yves St. Laurent) out of the money she frugally saves from her housekeeping allowance.

We know, early on and through a miraculously slick quick-change act by Capucine, that Mr. Sellers is being deceived—but we don't feel sorry for him because, though fantastically accident-prone, he has a remarkably high opinion of himself and his ability to rise to any occasion. Inured to disaster, he accepts every contretemps with only slightly wounded resignation. It's impossible not to imagine that when he discovers he has been betrayed from start to finish, he will quietly take this, too, as just one of those things.

Signorina Claudia Cardinale, an Indian princess who owns a priceless gem called the Pink Panther, is winter-sporting at Cortina, and Mr. Sellers whiskers Capucine off to this glamorous resort because he's dead sure the Phantom will be hanging around to steal the jewel. And for once, he's dead right, though naturally he's far slower than you will be in identifying Mr. David Niven, a titled English playboy, as the elusive, Raffles-type rascal.

Who cares if the situations that follow are not entirely new, as long as they are freshly and pacily presented by the director, Mr. Blake Edwards? A seduction scene in which the seducer defeats his own ends (Signorina Cardinale sweetly passes out on the champagne with which Mr. Niven has too pressingly plied her), a crazy bedroom scene (Capucine concealing Messrs. Niven and Robert Wagner from her baffled husband), the wild masked ball that explodes into an inadvertent fireworks display, the dotty street scene with a dazed pedestrian standing transfixed as the cars of the escaping crooks and the pursuing cops whizz round him in ever-decreasing circles—I thought they were all most wittily handled. They certainly made me laugh.

Mr. Sellers, too often guilty of mere impersonation, has made the Inspector a real, recognizable character, adumb, dogged man who takes a sort of pride in the fact that Fate has singled him out as the perpetual victim of the cussedness of inanimate objects and the duplicity of people. Capucine,

greatly underrated as an actress, gives (to my mind) a sophisticated and charming light comedy performance. I can't, offhand, think of anyone who could improve upon it.

The chief impression given by *Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?* is that American wives must be the most frustrated females on the face of the earth. Surrounded with labour-saving devices which take all the drudgery out of their days, they simply do not know what to do with their conserved energy in the evenings—for once the honeymoon's over, the American husband leaves the little woman strictly alone o' nights and goes off to play poker with "the boys". Who, if this is the case, would want to marry an American?

Well, Miss Elizabeth Montgomery does. She wants to marry Mr. Dean Martin, a TV actor whose bedside manner as an omniscient bachelor doctor in a popular medical series has made him the darling of millions, coast to coast. Mr. Martin is not sure that matrimony is a good idea. All his poker-playing pals seem to have discontented wives. In fact, no sooner has Mr. Martin settled down to a quiet game with them than the telephone rings, and it's one or another of these lividly languishing ladies imploring him to give her a private consultation.

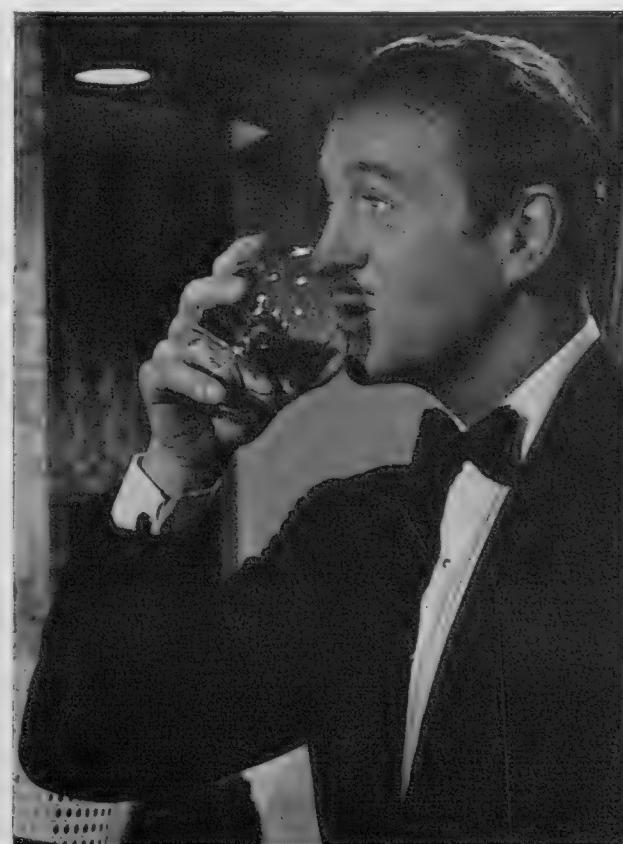
Too kind hearted to refuse

and too sporting to tell the unsuspecting husbands, Mr. Martin is soon embarrassingly entangled with three frantic females who, identifying him with his TV character, are convinced he's the only man who'll ever understand them. Their advances are eminently uninhibited but, as the film archly insists, get them nowhere. Nobody sleeps in Mr. Martin's bed, except Mr. Martin—and he's still as pure as the driven snow when he finally makes up his mind to marry Miss Montgomery and be done with it.

There's one very funny scene, in the consulting room of a bogus psychiatrist (Mr. Martin Balsam), and Mr. Martin undeniably has his moments—but the sex-starved-wives joke, never a good one, palls unbearably in the course of 102 long minutes.

Any film that reduces dear Mr. Jack Lemmon to the level of a lecherous *voyeur* is "out" with me. I found *Under the Yum Yum Tree*, in which he plays a landlord who takes an unseemly interest in the affairs of his tenants, a tasteless bore. Miss Carol Lynley and her boy friend, Mr. Dean Jones, a young couple experimenting in sexless cohabitation, are excruciatingly uninteresting. A resolute-looking, businesslike marmalade cat is the one redeeming feature.

Two of England's most famous exponents of comedy star together in The Pink Panther. David Niven (right) plays the Phantom, an exclusive jewel thief, and Peter Sellers (left) is the French police inspector who attempts to capture him.



on books

SOME MEDIUM-LIGHTS



ISLAY LIONS

The historical novelist Bryher, whose *The Coin of Carthage*, just published by Collins at 18s., is the Book Society choice for Jan/Feb

Gauguin represents, not just adequately but flamboyantly, the popular notion of the artist as the romantic rebel, the man who throws over wife, children, respectability for a free life in the South Seas and a good deal of free love to boot. Being more attracted to the idea of the artist as plumber and non-neurotic artisan, it was agreeable to find that Henri Perruchot's **Gauguin** (Perpetua Books 42s.) translated by Humphrey Hare and edited by Jean Ellsmoor, records his transition from stockbroker to full-time painter with emphasis on the obsession for work, the courage and the ruthless disregard for appalling practical difficulties that Gauguin showed at all times. He endured extreme poverty, hunger and sickness in order to paint the way he had to; it's a picture of a man not particularly sympathetic, but astonishing and worthy of respect.

As with all the books in this series, the photographs are superb—Gauguin trouserless, but wearing shirt-tails and a rather smart jacket, mysteriously playing the harmonium; Gauguin, remote and somehow like Basil Rathbone wearing a Russian hat; Pahura, the native girl Gauguin loved, as a lined old lady in 1930, sitting beside the painter's accordion.

The West Indies at Lord's by Alan Ross (Eyre & Spottiswoode 15s.) is a charming and exciting book written by my favourite cricket correspondent ("Driving to Lord's from my flat in Knightsbridge, I took it easy. The sky, devoid of blue, had that grey blotting-paper texture that usually worsens

rather than improves.") It couldn't be anyone but Ross. There are a lot of those invigorating—and to me incomprehensible—photographs of great cricketers jumping up and down and waving their arms in the air apparently just before falling over, which I always greatly admire. A nice book for a cold winter.

Pierre Cabanne's **The Great Collectors** (Cassell 35s.) runs from one formidable lady to another—Catherine the Great to Peggy Guggenheim—with some not-inconsiderable gentlemen in between. The scale of operations is amazing, the tone cheerful and enthusiastic, and Miss Guggenheim, with her one abstract, one Surrealist earring and her *Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore* approach to life, is really worth a whole book on her own.

If, stunned by bills, the climate and guilt about not having fixed your summer holiday for the year after next, you are unequal to any sort of even medium heavy reading, the answer is probably **The Saturday Book** edited by John Hadfield (Hutchinson 35s.). This nice fat soothing book, suitable for guest rooms, coffee tables and the posher lavatories where reading matter is always provided, includes essays and pretty pictures on Mrs. Bloomer, postcards, chimney-sweeps, Japan, the octopus, ironwork, Marie Laurencin, modern jewellery and other such pleasant subjects. It's just like a high-class magazine in hard covers, and comes in a box which at once translates it into the gift class.

Briefly... Of Flowers and a Village by Wilfred Blunt (Hamish Hamilton 25s.) is said by the author to be mostly fiction, and is written in the form of letters to a sick goddaughter. The matter of the book is village gossip, news about the writer's garden, and odds and ends of information about plants past and present. The book has a great deal of charm, not least because the author cherishes such a delectable amount of real catty dislike for so many of his invented characters, especially some of the wholly unforgivable women.... **The Playhouse in England** by Stephen Joseph (Barrie & Rockliff 25s.) is a pleasant, simple and well-illustrated history from church performances to theatre-in-the-round.... **My Best ABC Book** (Macmillan, cloth boards 8s. 6d., limp 6s.) has animal pictures from Bewick's wood engravings and is very pretty, though not such a blazing knock-out as Brian Wildsmith's now famous ABC or Parents'

Delight... Herbs, Flavours and Spices by Elizabeth Hayes (Faber 30s.) is an enchanting book about herbs, much influenced by Gerard's *Herball*, with histories, how to grow and dry herbs, and recipes (about the only place where the Americaness of the book intrudes—Garlic Clam Crisps de Blanche, my goodness.) A good book for picking up and reading random and piecemeal.

And lastly, Fr. Rolfe or Frederick Baron Corvo, that cross, gloomy Catholic convert and man of anger and despair, seems to be coming back to fashion, and Catto's have published **Don Renato** (30s.) and Penguins the best-known novel **Hadrian the Seventh** (5s.) Rolfe was one of those unhappy men who are more interesting than their work, and has already been the inspiration for *The Quest for Corvo* and a brilliant black comedy by Pamela Hansford-Johnson. I find his own writing turgid, queasily overwritten, thick and unappetising as old cold soup.

GERALD LASCELLES

on records

ALL BRITISH



Flashback to summer: a group at the jazz party given at Fort Belvedere by the Hon. Gerald Lascelles (second from left). With him are (left to right) Buck Clayton, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Bud Freeman and Dizzy Gillespie

Far too often jazz listeners in England are too quick in dismissing their fellow-countrymen's efforts, reassured by reading and hearing the repeated criticism that our musicians can never do more than ape the works of the Americans. Obviously such broad generalizations are both damaging and blatantly unjust to the hard core of jazzmen in Britain who have devoted their energies to

the genuinely creative aspect of their music, and I am always very happy when a record turns up to prove and perpetuate something of importance.

When I got Humphrey Lyttelton to team up with Buck Clayton last summer in Manchester I expected a few mutual sparks to ignite the fire that burns in the hearts of such dedicated men. What I could not anticipate was that the

flame would burn so brightly that it lasted until a month later, when Humphrey's band and Buck appeared at Interlaken, there to record a memorable studio session which World Record Club has just issued under the title of **Me and Buck**. The two horn players blend as if they had spent a lifetime together, to produce such epics as *Humph and me* and *Fondue head*, and the whole group is transformed in *Tam* and *Cotton tail*. The significance is that the whole group shares the inspiration, so that I cannot tell where Buck leaves off inspiring them and they take on inspiring him! Out of that mixture is true jazz born.

Another British group has a new album this month, which takes on a geographical wild-goose chase. It is Bruce Turner's **Going Places** (Philips), which produces several interesting tracks, but the disappointment for me is that all the numbers are kept so very short. Now I have never been an advocate of the seven or ten minute work-out on every number just because they are all going to be crammed or spread out to fill one 12 in. long-play, but to fill an entire session with three-minute pieces seems bad direction on any count. Bruce not only says his piece superbly—his is the great alto saxophone voice in Europe today—but ensures that his sidemen can have their proper say. Given a chance to settle down, this is one of the most relaxed bands in the world, and they too could be relied on to

support a visiting soloist in their midst. Canada's prolific song-writer, Galt MacDermot, wrote all the pieces in Ken Jones' new record, **Galt MacDermot by arrangement** (Columbia) and taped them on piano for Ken to orchestrate. Like his well-known best-seller *African Waltz*, Galt's themes all have an infectious lilt which lends itself to the type of scoring which Ken does so well. A high spot is Kenny Baker's trumpet solo in *Culled from the dross*.

I do not need **London Trad Scene—the '50s** (Ace of Clubs) to remind me that this was when the rot started. Several of these tracks offer mediocre music, but the two pieces led by clarinettist Wally Fawkes tower head and shoulders over the remainder, with Alex Welsh and Mick Mulligan following in the same Dixieland vein. A very different sort of music used to fall from the fingers of British pioneer pianist George Shearing in those far-back days, before his adoption of the piano/guitar/vibraphone sound which made him famous. It is a strange coincidence that in 1962 he recorded an album of trio numbers, **Jazz Moments** (Capitol), which returns to the sound he used before he left England. More important, he made this session with two outstanding accompanists—drummer Vernell Fournier and bassist Israel Crosby; in fact it was the bass player's last recording date before he died, acknowledged as the finest small group instrumentalist of his time.

ROBERT WRAIGHT

on galleries

TWO WORLDS OF DIFFERENCE

How much effect does environment have on an artist's work? How much effect does it have first on his vision and then on his mode of expressing that vision? The question, to which every artist will probably answer differently, is prompted by an exhibition called **Two Worlds**, now at the Grabowski Gallery in Kensington. On show is the work of eight Polish artists—Gostomski, Makowski, Laczynski, Owidzki, Krasnowski, Baranowska, Pniewska and Frenkiel—five of whom live in Warsaw, three of whom have lived in this country for 16 or 17 years and are now Londoners. What differences would you expect to find?

The remarkable thing about this exhibition is that, given only the numerical fact of five and three and working on the assumption that environment not only produces effects that show in an artist's work but also that the effects of the same environment may produce similarities in the work of different artists, it is easy to tell which of these Poles are still in Poland and which are here. It is easy because the pictures fall obviously into two groups, one of paintings done with paint in what are now conventional styles, the other of collages and constructions made with wallpaper, wire wool, scraps of aluminium, tufts of fur, bits of



TONY EVANS

Karl Weshke, who has just had a one man show at the Grosvenor Gallery, watches the sea come in near his home at St. Just, Cornwall

plaster board sprayed with paint, old rope and all the other junk now in fashion with the *avant-garde*.

Easy, you may say, but you will probably be wrong. Three artists, the Londoners Baranowska, Frenkiel and Laczynski painted the first group. The *avant-gardists* are the four men and one woman behind the Iron Curtain. That such art is permitted in Poland may come as a surprise. Even more surprising is that one of these artists, Owidzki, who makes his pictures out of folded wallpaper, is a teacher at the Academy of Fine Arts in Warsaw. This, and the fact that the five have been allowed to send their work to London, suggests that even if the Polish government does, as I am told it does, look with official disapproval on experimental art, it makes little or no effort to suppress it. Apparently the disapproval takes no harsher form than ridicule at the hands of the art critics of the official newspapers. Since all the newspapers are official there is little sympathy with these artists and most of the few customers for their pictures come from foreign embassies.

In the absence of statements from the artists we can only guess at all the motivating forces that drive them, but it is certain that one of these forces is a reaction against the stultifying effects of two decades of Socialist Realism (or Socialist Romanticism as its later manifestations might more accurately be called). Instead of the artificial and external dis-

cipline which that kind of art would have meant they preferred an intellectual discipline imposed from within themselves. That they turned to abstraction of the geometric kind was almost inevitable. Subconsciously, or perhaps consciously, it represented the furthermost point from the thing from which they were running. It is for this reason, I suspect, that most of their work seems to me to be superficial and self-conscious. It is interesting as a temporary manifestation of protest, but while in Poland it may be a daring act of defiance, here it looks old hat and in New York it would look stone dead.

By comparison the paintings by the London Poles are pulsating with life. Having left their homeland before Socialist Realism gripped them they have developed along well-trodden painterly, as distinct from intellectual protestant, paths to abstraction or near-abstraction. Each of them embodies lyrical qualities in his and her (Baranowska's) work that would apparently be anathema to the Warsaw five. Baranowska and Frenkiel have developed personal styles of expressionism that incorporate both abstract and figurative elements and use colour emotionally. Laczynski, to my mind the best of the eight, is a more contemplative painter whose pictures, though they must be classed as abstract, evoke clearly the "feeling" of their subjects—*Leaf*, *Meadow*, *Velvet*, *Apple* and so on.

on opera

THE INDOMITABLE SAILS AGAIN

For me, as for most of the younger members of the audience, it was like seeing a new opera—a new Britten opera too. *Billy Budd* has not been seen at Covent Garden since its first dozen performances in 1951. Britten has made a few alterations and re-arranged the work to fall in two acts instead of the original four, which must be an improvement since nothing destroys tension like three intervals.

Herman Melville's story—from which E. M. Forster and Eric Crozier have derived an excellent libretto—is concerned with naval discipline. Billy Budd, an impressed man of good looks and shining goodness, rouses the jealousy of Claggart, the Master-at-Arms, who falsely accuses the boy of inciting mutiny. Billy is afflicted with a nervous stammer and when the charge is made cannot answer, but his emotion causes him to hit out at Claggart in a fatal blow. Under the articles of war the clearly innocent boy must be hanged.

This presents the captain "Starry" Vere with a moral problem. He has, he knows,

seen Good strike down Evil, but the laws of man prevent his saving the innocent boy from the yardarm. The opera is set between a prologue and epilogue showing "Starry" Vere as an old man still tormented by his terrible decision. He draws final comfort from Billy's last words: "'Starry' Vere—God bless you!"

The first half of the opera is, perhaps inevitably, less arresting than the second. In it we are shown life aboard the H.M.S. *Indomitable*, impressed men dragged aboard and bullied by Claggart; the intellectual captain and his officers drinking wine and voicing fears of mutiny; high jinks below deck where Billy is popular. The importance of this build-up is revealed in the second half which starts with an abortive attack on a French ship and followed by the accusation, its result, the court-martial and the hanging. But Basil Coleman's direction could have been a deal sharper; the ship is clearly manned by an opera chorus who know nothing of "dirt and stinking food," and John Piper's sets suggested

no ship that's ever sailed the ocean blue, rather the skeleton of an air raid shelter which no amount of hammocks, ropes or ballast can help. The lighting seemed based on the assumption that as soon as something dramatic happens the lights must dim, turn red or go out.

These production flaws seemed a pity in conjunction with Britten's superb score. The sea, of course, dominates in both the orchestral—mainly woodwind—passages that link the scenes and in the sea songs that are cleverly never made into set numbers but seem to be in the background most of the time. Britten the dramatist reaches his withering peak in the battle scene with all stops out and in the court martial when Billy's final appeal: "Captain Vere, save me," is accompanied by a lacerating melody on the French horn taking us straight to the moving textures of his *Serenade*. The opera was powerfully conducted by Georg Solti and well-sung, notably by Richard Lewis, adding more lustre to his reputation as Vere, and by the American baritone Robert Kerns in the title role. Opera is primarily a province of the emotions where moral problems and intellectual reasoning have little part, but in *Billy Budd* Britten has achieved a synthesis of these opposing planes of the mind

which is intensely affecting.

Things took a turn for the better at the Savoy with what was labelled a "new production" of *The Gondoliers*. Here, at least, was something to listen to with delight, due of course to the presence of Sir Malcolm Sargent in the orchestra pit. His association with the company goes back to 1926 and his handling of the music—revealed these days on records and at the famous Gilbert & Sullivan night at the Proms—has always been characterized by a clean, lively approach; he brings elegance to what can easily be trivial melodies and in ensemble work underlines Sullivan's debt to Rossini. The singers responded well; there are some undernourished voices and some over-enthusiastic ones, but the improvement on previous performances this season is encouraging.

George R. Foa's production is not, however, an improvement. He seems to have ditched the familiar formal routine but replaced them by no clear concept of a workable alternative. The sets and costume—credited to a number of people—are dull, the second act actually looked dirty. But in this production the D'Oy Carte are half-way to what regard as an ideal presentation.

HELEN BURKE

DINING IN

NEGLECTED GOLDMINE

Chicken giblets are much easier to come by these days because of all the birds turning on spits in little restaurants. No one seems to want them, yet they are a wonderful base for many good dishes. For example Chicken Giblet Soup, Chicken Consommé and Giblet Pie. It is much better, however, to think of the dishes you can make or improve with the livers alone.

In a delicatessen or other shop where they roast chicken you may be able to buy the giblets, including the livers, for as little as 1s. 6d. a pound. I do, and making my preference for livers known I sometimes get as many as six in a pound. To make sure of that number, however, I always buy two pounds at a time, and can then bank on good things for several days.

Separate the livers from the

other giblets and go over them for any yellowish tell-tale stains. Cut them out because they would make the livers bitter. Remove also any unwanted tissue. If you cannot use the livers at once, put them in a dish with a loose cover, place them in the coldest part of the refrigerator and they will keep for several days.

For a wonderfully warming GIBLET SOUP on a cold night, make it this way. For 5 to 6 people, trim $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of giblets, including necks, gizzards and hearts. Cut the necks into joints, each gizzard into eight pieces, and quarter the hearts. Wash and dry them. Gently simmer them in 1 oz. of butter in a thick-bottomed soup pot, together with 4 oz. of top leg beef cut into small pieces. Sprinkle over them a level tablespoon of flour and cook to brown it a little. Stir in 3 pints

of water and a chicken cube. In a piece of greaseproof paper put a good pinch of thyme, a very small bay leaf, several parsley stalks, a clove and several celery leaves or a chopped stick of celery. Fold the paper to secure them. Place it on top of the other ingredients and add a finely minced small onion and a little salt and pepper. Cover and leave to cook slowly for 2 hours. Add 2 tablespoons of shredded raw carrot and a tablespoon of finely chopped celery and cook for a further 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, boil a tablespoon of rice in plain water. Drain and add to the soup. Cook for a few minutes. Lift out the greaseproof paper "packet" and squeeze its liquid into the soup. Taste and season further, if necessary. Serve with thin dry toast.

Here is a simple and quickly prepared dish I make fairly often. Several hours before it is required, boil 4 to 6 oz. of long-grained rice (for 4 servings) and leave it to drain.

Melt an ounce of butter in a large frying-pan and fry a chopped shallot in it until it is translucent. Add 6 to 8 oz. of

chicken livers, each cut into 8 pieces, and season the lightly. Cook for a few minutes and then remove them. Add further ounce of butter to the same frying-pan, and in it fry 2 to 3 oz. of sliced mushroom including the stems, for 1 to 2 minutes. Season them lightly and remove them, too.

Add to the pan about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of giblet stock or water and chicken cube, a pinch of sugar, a very tiny pinch of ground ginger and a tablespoon of sherry. Also add a teaspoon of cornflour blended in a tablespoon of water. Stir all together, then boil up for a minute. Add the chicken livers and the mushrooms to this sauce and heat through.

Melt a walnut or so of butter in a non-stick pan. Add the well-drained cooked rice and stir it around with a wooden spoon to heat through. Form the rice into a ring on a heated platter, turn the sauced livers and mushrooms into the centre, sprinkle with a little freshly chopped parsley and serve.

Pleasing additions to the rice are cooked peas or a few pine kernels or shredded almonds.

GOOD LOOKS

BY

ELIZABETH
WILLIAMSON

An overnight success is a product that has a visibly beautiful effect used overnight. Or it is something that makes you look good for an evening. But those foundations that cloak your skin and make it a dazzling success for a night are extra drying and need undercoats. Use sparingly over a petticoat of dewy cream—Frescabel by Lancôme and Coty's vitamin moisture balancer cream promote dewy faces. (These moisture creams are, in fact, perfectly adequate on their own for holding powder during the day.) Never take that pretty tint over the super-sensitive under-eye area because the muslin texture of the skin here is the quickest to line and slacken. If you have dark under-eyes, there is a special touch-on cream made by Orlane called Creme Anti-Cerne that will hide darkness for the evening. In the set-them-on-their-heels class are several tints that owe nothing to the colour of your skin but achieve marvellous effects after dark. Revlon's gold Lamée is one—no Inca gold but a gentle illusive golden tint. Try it with Cinnamon Stick lipstick. Beauty Overnight is a rash promise but Helena Rubinstein's cream is amazingly good at tightening and clearing the skin. Another twelve-hour-wonder is Charles of the Ritz special cream and lotion. These two are designed to be used together for lazy, greasy skins that lack lustre and are prone to blocked pores.



NIGHTSPOT

MOTORING

FACING A SUDDEN CRAZE

A substitute for glass where windows are concerned has not yet been discovered. Hopes that transparent plastic would prove suitable for cars have so far been dashed because its flexibility makes it subject to scratching. Ordinary glass used in windscreens soon showed how dangerous it was when an accident occurred. More than half-a-century ago a safer form was evolved, a "sandwich" of thin sheets of glass cemented to an interlayer of celluloid. This proved satisfactory except that the celluloid discoloured with sun and age, damp found its way into the sandwich and set up opaque patches.

It held the field until 1933, when an alternative called toughened glass came into use. Its principle is supposed to have been discovered by Prince Rupert, the Civil War cavalry general and nephew of Charles I, who found that molten glass when poured into cold water formed pear-shaped drops of immense strength. From this developed the method of "quenching" heated glass, first in oil and later by blasts of air. Its first application was to boiler-gauge glasses for steam engines. Next the problems of making large sheets of toughened glass were solved and for

the past 30 years, both laminated (or "sandwich") and toughened glass have been used by all motor manufacturers.

Toughened glass is found most frequently on British cars sold in the home market because it costs less than half the price of laminated, but is unacceptable in some export fields—notably North America—for windscreens, though it can be fitted to the side and rear windows. Our regulations covering the construction and use of motor vehicles stipulate that "safety" glass must be such that, if fractured, it does not fly into fragments likely to cause severe cuts. Both toughened and laminated glass comply with this definition, but there is another feature concerning safety which is not covered by any regulation. This is the actual instant of fracture and how it may affect a driver's visibility at the moment it occurs. Many motorists have complained about the danger arising from lack of vision through a toughened glass screen when it "crazes" after being hit by a sharp-pointed stone or other object. To understand why this happens one must appreciate that the process whereby ordinary glass is transformed

into toughened consists of it being heated in a furnace to near-softening point, moulded to shape between steel dies and then quickly quenched by blowing jets of air on the two surfaces. This produces a state of compression in these skins and tension in the interior. So long as the glass remains in this sheet it is immensely strong, and can be hammered, twisted and even bowed like a steel spring without suffering in the least. But give the skin a sharp blow with a pointed instrument and, with a loud report, it will craze into a mass of particles which, though they may cling together, can be broken up by hand pressure. The fragments do not have a particularly lacerating edge, but it is as well to wear a glove when pushing the hand through them. The grave danger to the driver is that, when the crazing takes place, his eyes, which have been focused on the road ahead, instantly readjust their vision to the screen a foot or so in front of them. The screen then seems to have gone opaque, and with the old kind of toughened glass it was.

Within the last few years, however, the Triplex Safety Glass Co., who make both toughened and laminated screens for most of the British car industry, have developed the "zone toughening" process of varying the size of the particles so that, in front of the driver's eyes, they are larger than elsewhere and provide quite reasonable driving vision—if the eyes' focus is kept on

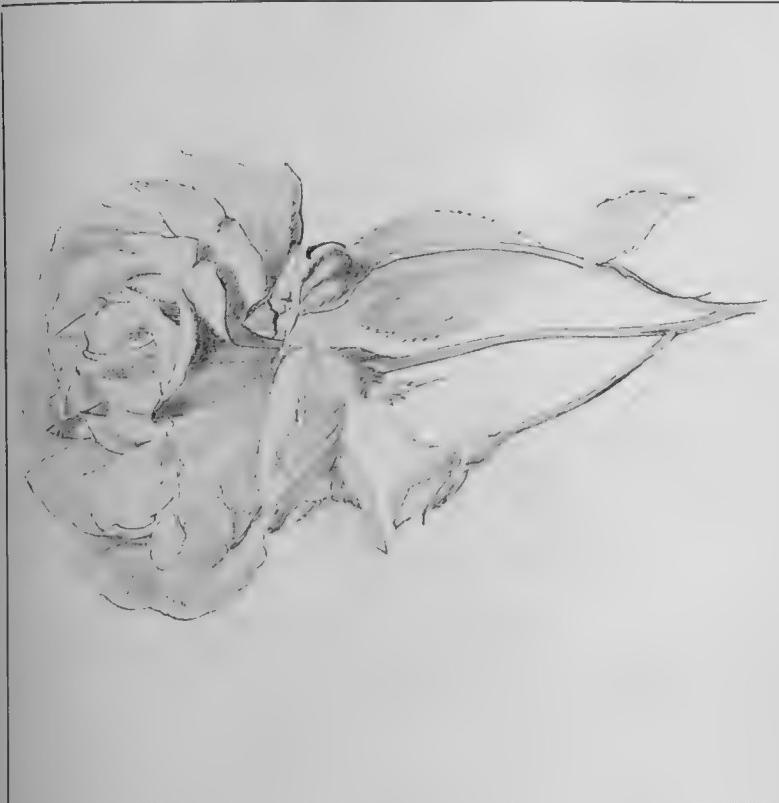
distance ahead. Whereas the standard particle size is 60 to the 4 square inches, in the special zone they are about twice as large, and experiments are being made to extend the zone until it forms a zebra band along the whole centre line of the screen. At the same time, the moment when the screen does craze—and it must be recognized that it is not by any means an uncommon happening—is rather terrifying to the average motorist. If only he can remember not to refocus his eyes but to peer ahead as best he can, he may well be able to bring his car to a standstill safely. He will, however, then be faced with a cold and draughty drive until a new screen can be fitted, and, if he has been wise, he will have taken out special insurance so as to save his no-claims bonus on the car itself (it is very cheap to do this). But, if he is motoring abroad when it happens, he will probably have a job to find a spare, for most British car makers seem to have overlooked screen troubles in stocking their Continental dealers. The most expensive cars have laminated screens fitted as standard, and others are available with them as an optional extra. Any motorist, however, who desires to be free from the risk and inconvenience of toughened glass can buy himself into the laminated class at a cost of £15 to £20, even if his car's manufacturers are not sufficiently willing to give him the choice, by getting his dealer to make the swap.



This toughened glass windsreen has gone crazy, but leaves a zone before the driver's eyes through which it is possible to see. Experiments are being conducted by the Triplex Safety Glass Co. to extend this less closely crazed area across the whole screen.

ROSE GROWING

ROSES OF YESTERDAY



Lady Hillingdon

Years ago I used to visit the garden of a relative who had, I believe, an innate feeling for plants. He was the most dedicated amateur I ever knew, and roses were his speciality. Only one of the gardens he made has outlasted him, a series of rose terraces falling steeply to a river; the others have vanished like the gardener. But I have just turned up a list of roses he grew in the halcyon days before 1914; it makes interesting reading today. What is perhaps most remarkable is the comparatively few varieties now surviving. Some of the names will no doubt bring back memories to older readers.

There were *Aimée Cochet*, *Ben Cant*, *Arthur Goodwin*, *Caroline Testout*, my own favourite *Cecile Brunner*, *Betty*, *Cloth of Gold*, *British Queen*, *Cleopatra* (tea, and grown in pots under glass; not, of course, to be confused with the recent bedding rose of the same name), *Captain Hayward*, *Daily Mail*, *Dean Hole*, *Duchess of Albany*, *Duchess of Sutherland* (in fact a whole Debrett-ful of Duchesses), both the *Dicksons*, *Kaiserin Augusta Viktoria*, *Generals MacArthur* and *Jacqueminot*, *J. B. Clark*, *Lady Alice Stanley*, *Lady Ashtown*, *Lady Hillingdon*—and

that is as far as one need go.

It would be pleasant, I think, to reconstitute a pre-Great War rose garden, using such varieties as are obtainable. Searching for obsolete sorts is a stiff task, though always worth it: someone should start a sort of exchange or clearing house for cuttings or varieties otherwise unobtainable. A good number, in fact most, of the names on my list ought to have remained in commerce, as they have not been superseded—only rudely pushed out.

Kaiserin Augusta Viktoria, a creamy lemon H.T., was one of those too-good-to-lose roses, though its form might not be considered acceptable today. *Betty*, a pale copper H.T., flushed with yellow, would be up to today's standards—who cares anyway, if only a humane nurseryman brings them back! *Lady Hillingdon* is more readily acquired. I recommend it to readers tired of harsh forms and colours. It is pure clear creamy yellow, paling to a light straw with dark green leaves and purplish stems. *Lady Hillingdon* has a most delicate tea scent, and I wish my illustration conveyed its charming qualities more adequately.

Other people's children

- 1 **Belinda** (2), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. David Johnstone, of Trevor Place, S.W.7
 2 **Andrew** (3) younger son of Dr. & Mrs. Richard Rossdale, of Phillimore Place, W.8
 3 **Roger** (3) son of Mr. & Mrs. Robin Combe, of Leyden House, Mortlake
 4 **Antonia** (4) daughter of Captain & Mrs. Christopher Gaisford St. Lawrence, of Howth Castle, Dublin.

YEVONDE



HEATHER CRAUFORD



3



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4

Weddings and Engagements

1 Russell—Holford: Bridgit Moyra, daughter of Commander A. B. Russell, R.N. (Retd), of Fountain House, Park Street, W.1., and of Lady Tredegar, of Matacelle, Mougins, France, AM., was married to John Michael Finch, only son of Mr. & Mrs. C. F. Holford, of The Mill House, Broughton, near Stockbridge, Hampshire, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square.

2 Duncan—Bingham: Veronica, daughter of the late Major C. M. Duncan, M.C., and Mrs. J. D. Margrie, of North Waltham, Hampshire, was married to Lord Bingham, son of the Earl & Countess of Lucan, of Hanover House, N.W.8. at Holy Trinity, Brompton.

3 Chryssicopoulos—Dunkerley: Marianna Christina, daughter of the late Mr. Michael Chryssicopoulos, and of Mrs. Chryssicopoulos, of Rutland Gate, S.W.7, was married to Michael John, son of Colonel V. A. B. Dunkerley, D.S.O., J.P., of Barley End, Aldbury, Hertfordshire, and of Clare, Duchess of Sutherland, of Wilton Crescent, S.W.1, at St. Edwards, Sutton Park, Guildford.

4 Miss Virginia Barbezat to Mr. Geordie Oliphant

Hutchison: She is the daughter of the late Flying Officer C. L. Barbezat, and of Mrs. John Hodgson, of Beechwood Farm, Buckland Common, Tring, Herts. He is the son of the late Lt.-Col. R. G. O. Hutchison, and of Mrs. Hutchison Bradburne, of Cunnoquahie, Ladybank, Fife.

5 Miss Diana Lucy MacDougall to The Hon. William Weir
She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Peter MacDougall, of Holland Park, W.11, and Saraguay, Montreal, Canada. He is the son of Viscount & Viscountess Weir, of Montgreenan, Kilwinning, Ayrshire.

6 Miss Martha Don to Mr. Niall Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Stuart W. Don, of Victoria Road, W.8. He is the son of Brigadier Sir Richard & Lady Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, of Elvetham Farm House, Hartley Wintney, Hampshire



1



2



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4



5



6

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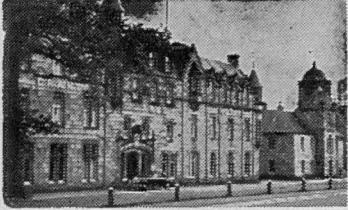
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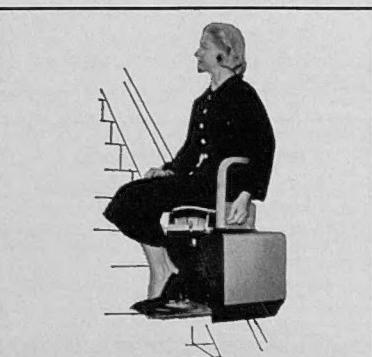
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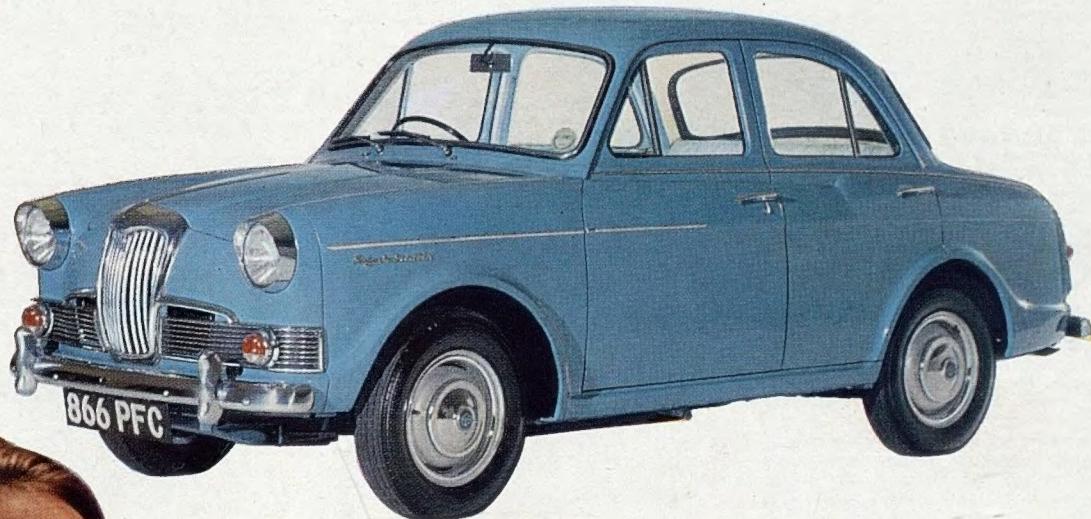
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